Saturday Night

APRIL 28TH 1956 TEN CENTS

What's Needed To Boost Travel in Canada

BY JOHN FISHER

Bridey Murphy: Grubby Hoax

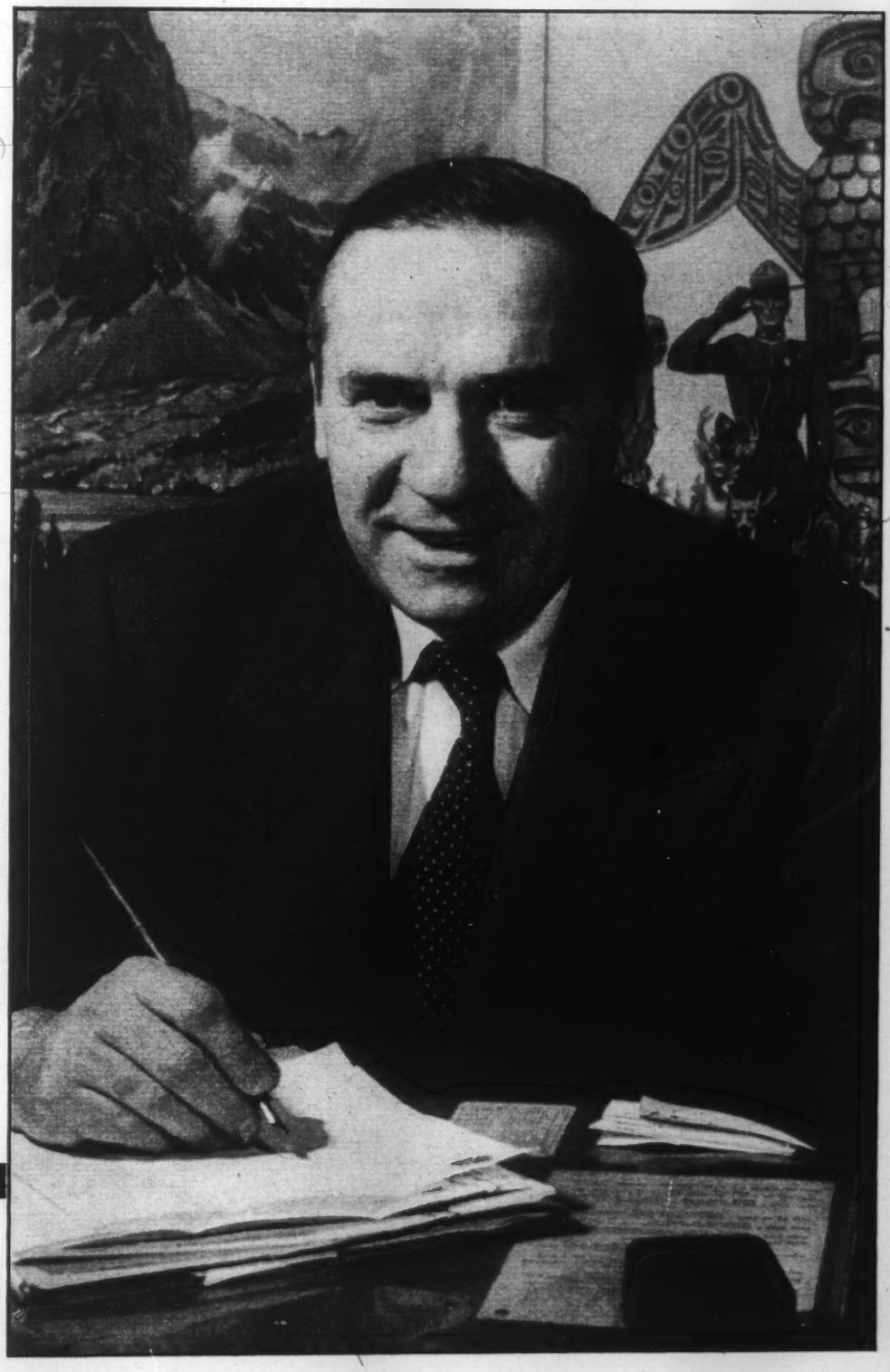
BY NATHAN COHEN

Eden: Britain's Biggest Bore

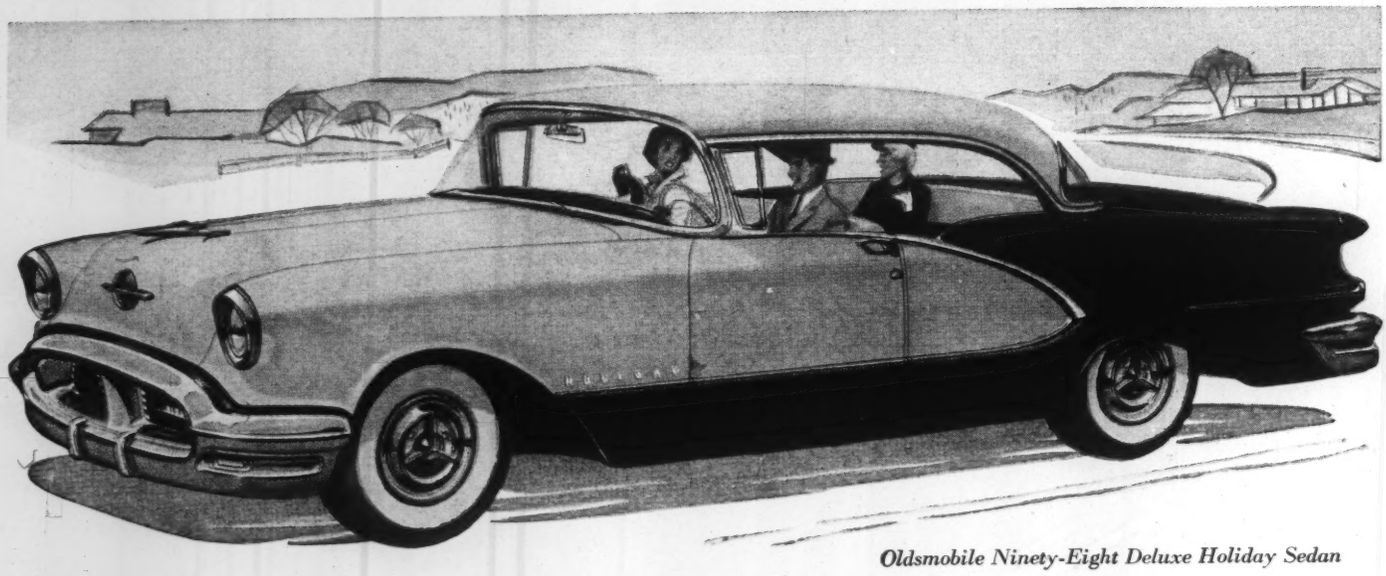
BY BEVERLEY NICHOLS

Travel Dollars: Our Losing Bid

BY LOGAN MACLEAN



Travel's Leo Dolan: Page 15



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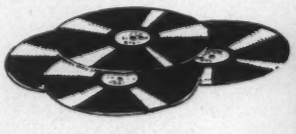

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THE FRONT PAGE

Curious half-legality of Communism in Canada—The nation's grim prosperity—Soviet leaders show up West's lack of statesmen who are also first-rate salesmen. How Johnny may spell—Wastage of manpower a continued story—Whose taxing powers now require a curb, Ottawa's or the Provinces'?—Red lights and noses.

Not Quite Legal

BARRING the singer Paul Robeson from Canada was not in itself a desperate deed. Every nation must from time to time exercise its right to refuse entry to any person it considers undesirable. In the case of Robeson, indeed, Immigration Minister Pickersgill might have justified his action as a merciful intervention on behalf of both the singer and the Canadian public; it is a sad thing to watch a once-great artist make a fool of himself, and a sadder thing to let him do it. But Mr. Pickersgill's explanation illuminated anew the curious status of Communists in Canada.

Officially, Robeson was not refused entry because he is a Communist but because he was to be sponsored in Canada by Communist-front organizations — because the concerts would not be musical events but propaganda occasions. Superficially, this seems quite sensible. There is just one thing wrong with it: the agency arranging the tour and the groups backing the concerts are all legal organizations. The agency has a Dominion charter, and it is not against Canadian law to be a Communist.

The Government must make up its mind. Either Communism is an illegal activity or it is not. If not, Communists must have equal treatment with other Canadians. We do not think they deserve such treatment, but that is not the issue. The point is that there cannot be half-citizens living in a state of half-legality.

Time's Winged Chariot

RECENTLY the Gallup Poll sent out its opinion-gatherers to discover how Canadians were responding to prosperity. The results seem to show that Canadian spirits have failed to expand with the expanding economy. Forty-two per cent declared they were happier than they were five years ago. Forty-seven per cent replied they felt as usual. Ten per cent claimed they were definitely low-spirited, and the remainder said, dully or irritably, that they hadn't yet figured it out.

Canadian spirits, in fact, tend to sink or remain level as our standards rise. As a nation, we react rather grimly to good times, probably because we have an inkling that the five years that have brought us self-defrosting refrigeration and electric chimes in place of the old-fashioned bell-push have also brought us five years closer to the grave.

Krush and Bulge

COMEDIANS and cartoonists are having a wonderful time with the perambulations of Khrushchev and Bulganin. Both the appearance and the antics of the Soviet leaders are admirably designed to excite and inspire the gagster. But it would be a sorry thing if the people of Western countries were persuaded that "Krush and Bulge" (as they are being called in Britain) are just a couple of comic, rather jolly characters naïvely eager to make friends and influence people in a nice sort of way.

The two Russian bosses are doing a job of selling, and they are doing it well—much better than their counterparts in the West. They come bearing a lot of promises and a few gifts. They shake hands, pat heads, kiss babies and smile and smile and smile.

The impression created by Khrushchev and Bulganin is that they would simply love to tear down the Iron Curtain (now the Aluminum Curtain, according to Mr. B.). In fact, they manage to suggest that if any Curtain exists, it is being kept in place by the West. Only the rather reactionary (and fumbling) British Government, for example, stood between them and the peace-loving British people.

For all their talk, however, they have yet to prove their good intentions by deeds. Nor have they opened their own empire to selling campaigns by the West. The fact that the West is pitifully short of statesmen who are also good international salesmen is, of course, beside the point.

Salesmen Bulganin and Khrushchev: Smiles and promises but no deeds.

Shaw and Phonetics

WORD comes from England that the British Museum is challenging the will of George Bernard Shaw, who left a tidy sum for the promotion of phonetic spelling. The phonetic scheme, it appears, lacks backers, possibly because the people who should be interested are too busy, either teaching children how to spell or writing books entitled *Why Johnny Can't Spell.*

The chief reason why Johnny can't

Army waste: never enough infantry but a surplus at headquarters.

The Front Page continued

spell, of course, is that Johnny doesn't read. Most of his spare time is spent with television or comic books, so that words come to him either as sound or as rudimentary shapes (awk, oops, boom, zowie, kapow, etc.). The progressive educationists, going along with him in his world of imagery, are teaching him to recognize the shapes of words, rather than their alphabetical arrangement, and it may be they are on the right track, even if Johnny never learns to spell. As sight and sound take over, with larger and larger imagery and louder and louder voices, the small exactitudes of spelling may fall into neglect and eventually disappear. Then, if Johnny needs to communicate in writing, he can spell by ear and eye. It is a way of arriving at phonetic spelling, though not one that GBS, an exact man of letters, would be likely to approve.

Wasted Manpower

THE STORY of Canada's manpower in World War II was a story of bad management and wastage. Gen. E. L. M. Burns makes that clear in his recently published study of Canadian manpower in the wartime army.

It was a popular misconception that the most wasteful of all armies, in men and material, during the war was that of the United States. Yet 43.5 per cent of the American army's strength was in the fighting arms (infantry, tank crews and so on). The comparative percentage for the Canadian army was 34.2. Formation and other headquarters absorbed 28.2 per cent. The Americans were able to get along with 11.6 per cent. Our supply, transport, repair and ordnance services all took bigger proportions of the available manpower than did the corresponding American establishments.

If all this were nothing more than past history, it would be regrettable but only historically important. Unfortunately, there is no evidence that the Government and the Army are any better prepared now to make a more efficient use of manpower in the event of an emergency. In World War II, it was not just the Army that ran to fat. By Government decree, thousands of young men were put into uniform, trained, equipped, clothed and housed without giving a dollar's worth of value to the war effort until the struggle was virtually over. Conscripted, they were taken out of the civilian labor force but not really converted into soldiers. Long after the shortage of infantry became acute, a couple of thousand of them finally reached front-line units as reinforcements. There was similar inefficiency in the direction of the civilian force for an all-out war.

Gen Burns's book will not startle Canadians who fought in World War II. It will not come as news to infantrymen in particular that headquarters, reinforcement depots and line-of-communication units were packed with men while their own weary units got only a pitiful trickle of recruits. But the manpower study should at least force both politicians and military leaders to do some thinking about the efficient use of the nation's manpower to meet a new challenge to our existence. The time for planning is now, not several months after the nation has been committed to a fight for existence.

Taxing Powers

THE REPORT of Quebec's Tremblay Commission on Constitutional Problems contributes nothing new to the debate about Federal-provincial powers except the rather startling suggestion that the Federal Government yield to the Provinces all rights to personal and corporation income taxes and succession duties.

It cannot be denied that some changes in the tax system are needed, both to give taxation a better reason for being than simply the need to raise all the money that politicians want to spend and to ease the increasingly difficult problems of government at the local, revenue-starved levels. But to give the Provinces all income taxes and succession duties would cut the Federal Government's revenue by between 60 and 65 per cent. Even if, as the Tremblay Commission suggests, the Provinces took over responsibility for such payments as mothers' allowances and old age pensions, the Federal Government would still be crippled.

A sharp reduction of Ottawa's power is, of course, what the Commission believes is necessary. For three or four Provinces, this might be a very satisfactory state of affairs, but it would condemn the others either to genteel shabbiness or to abject poverty. But this is academic discussion. Any substantial transference of fiscal or legislative power from Ottawa to the Provinces is no longer practical or politically possible. And while we're on the academic level, let us have a moment of regret that the Tremblay Commission did not thoroughly examine another possibility: that government today is best conducted nationally by a strong central authority and regionally by municipal councils, with such things as provincial legislatures having less and less reason for existence. The results of such an examination could have been extremely interesting.

Unkindly Light

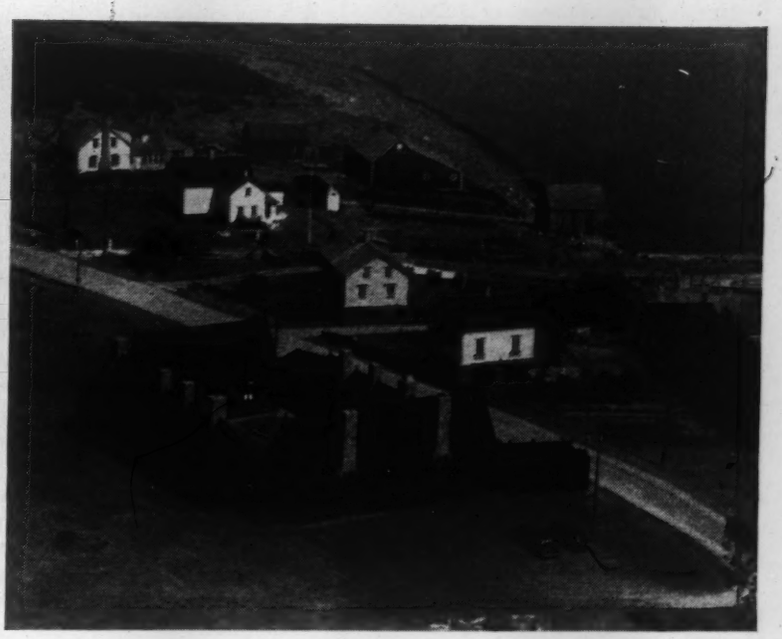
THE LATEST device suggested for the detection of the drinking motorist is a sensitive little apparatus placed where the driver can breathe on it when he takes his place at the wheel. The gadget, proposed by a Mr. G. Zehman in Toronto, connects with a light bulb on the roof. The bulb, ordinarily blue, would glow red with shame at the suggestion of an alcoholic breath.

Under ordinary conditions, Mr. Zehman's device might be a deterrent to drinking, since it would make almost as uncomfortable a driving companion as Carrie Nation herself. Under unusual circumstances, too—for example, an office celebration at night — it would at least provide something for the spectator, with the lights dying out of the building while cars pulled into the street burning like incendiary bombs or blazing like Christmas trees.

On the other hand, it might offer special temptation to reckless types, who could go roaring along, the rosy halo above their heads clearing the way like an ambulance gong. On the whole, we're against the invention, which seems ominously in line with the other Orwellian devices of our time—the watchful electronic eye, the hidden dictaphonic ear. Let's not add the concealed mechanical nose.

Travel in Canada: How to Build It?

by John Fisher



Handicrafts and History: Above, *Champlain's Habitation, Port Royal.*

Why not a Canadian Crockett? Henry Kelsey killed a bear on the Prairies a hundred years before the famed Davy ever saw the hills of Tennessee.

CANADIANS are the world's greatest travellers. We spend more per capita in visiting other lands than any people on earth. In Toronto alone there are 67 travel agencies, far more than can be found in a city of the same size in the United States. Cleveland, for instance, is bigger than Toronto, but it has only 23 travel agencies.

It is incredible that the third largest country in the world, with six time zones, and for neighbors the richest people in the world, should be a "poor country" when it comes to tourism. Canadians are in the red by about $110 million a year. This staggering total represents the amount by which Canadian travel expenditures outside Canada exceed the total visitors bring here.

Madame de Staël said: "The more I see of other countries the more I love my own". Those are beautiful words and I wish they were true. No one would deny Canadians the right to travel in other countries but I wish that somehow, some way, we would just make an attempt to see Canada first. I would like to see us make this attempt for the sake of economy and unity.

This Easter, Canadian transportation companies experienced a complete sell-out on their lines into the United States.

Why do so many Canadians in Eastern Canada regard New York and Easter holidays as synonymous? New York, tremendous and fetching, is the big town of the New World, but I suspect most Canadians go there because they have been made to feel it is the thing to do.

Montreal is a far cry from mighty Manhattan, but it puts out a pretty smart package. Why don't more Canadians from Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritimes go to Montreal for Easter? Montreal has glamour to sell, and a tremendous variety of attractions. Why don't more people visit this, the second largest French-speaking city in the world? The idea has never been planted.

How many Canadians, especially in the two central provinces, have ever been to Canada's West Coast, or to the Maritimes? And how many of those who have made such trips have passed on to their children this desire to see more of this, our own country?

We need a selling job by hotels, transportation companies and federal and provincial governments. We have overlooked the Canadian market and the appeal of the Canadian heritage. Most of our advertising dollars have gone to the United States. What a wonderful opportunity we have to enlist the support of trade unions, women's organizations, service clubs, company publications, boards of trade, and even travel editors!

The Americans have promoted "See America First" and this slogan has inspired travel and enhanced their heritage. Every American is anxious to see Gettysburg, Bunker Hill, the Liberty Bell, Old Ironsides, the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert, the Northwest, Manhattan, Coney Island, Cypress Gardens and even Antoine's in New Orleans. Americans want to see places that have been advertised.

Have we promoted Signal Hill which Marconi made famous? Grand Pré of Evangeline fame? Citadel Hill in Halifax, the Plains of Abraham, Lundy's Lane, the Champlain trail, Fort Garry, Duck Lake, Fort MacLeod, Dawson City, Boston Bar, Bella Coola where Fraser first saw the Pacific? No country in the world has such a clean history of the outdoors,

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Reference librarian to take charge of Law Reading Room. Salary schedule, $3600-$4400 (including cost of living bonus). Duties to commence in July.

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Apply to: **The Librarian, University of Alberta, Edmonton,** stating age, nationality, qualifications and experience, and enclosing a recent photograph and addresses of three references.

April 1956.

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What Can Be Done

1. **More promotion.**
2. **Improved services.**
3. **Government-backed credit for resort operators.**
4. **Greater emphasis on regional and local attractions — history, food, crafts, etc.**
5. **Package tours and deferred-payment plans.**

but we have failed to make our own story glamorous.

Canadians rail against the importation of American culture *à la* Davy Crockett. Americans do not stand at the border with raised muskets forcing us to honor one of their national heroes. After all we stole him and fell all over ourselves to buy the products of U.S. promotion. Why not a Davy Crockett type in Canada? Surely we have a wondrous potential in men like LaSalle, La Vérendrye, Mackenzie, Fraser and Henry Kelsey—Kelsey, who came to Canada via Churchill, killed a bear on the prairies a hundred years before Davy Crockett saw the hills of Tennessee.

Canada, because of geography and population, needs more effort than any other country in the world to help build up and maintain her national identity and consciousness. If succeeding generations of Canadians are to know Canada better, then perhaps the best and easiest way they can do so is to travel more in Canada and see more of it.

What can be done to enthuse Canadians about travel in Canada? One answer is simply to tell them more about it. The Canadian government spends about a million dollars a year to place our vacationland attractions before potential U.S. tourists. The provincial governments spend another $2 million, but four out of five such provincial travel promotion dollars are spent outside of Canada.

Newspapers and radio stations are flooded with travel handouts from all over the world, yet we have done little in Canada to promote travel between our own provinces. Last year Nova Scotia bought space in Toronto and Montreal advertising her tourist charms. It is not easy to tabulate the results, but we do know that more "Upper Canadian" cars entered Nova Scotia than ever before.

Canada suffers from width. It is so easy for us to slip into the United States because we are mostly close to the border and many main routes run north and south. If we are to promote increased travel by Canadians within Canada, we must compete with the outside forces not only by publicity but also by providing the food, the service, the novelty that influences Canadians to go elsewhere for their vacations.

In recent years there have been many improvements in our roads, our sleeping accommodations, meals, transportation facilities and attractions of various kinds, but have there been enough?

The tourists accommodation business is made up for the most part not of big corporations but of many small enterprises, and many of them must pay their way in a short season. This is a field where government-backed credit would be useful in helping to raise standards.

Community or private enterprise is needed to develop historic, cultural, educational, athletic and amusement facilities and other tourist attractions, which can make their surrounding areas more interesting to visit or stop in. The current growth of family travel makes projects that appeal to children especially helpful.

The tourist appeal of any area is dependent on almost every aspect of its life and business. Widespread support, therefore, is needed to build it up. We must sell the importance of tourism to all Canadians. Every banker, policeman, customs officer, waitress, clerk and school boy must recognize that courtesy and hospitality are the basic ingredients of travel. A good steak can be ruined by an indifferent waitress.

Tourists are always hungry for something different. Hotelmen can use more Canadiana in lobbies, rooms and bill of fare. Restaurateurs can feature regional food. Visitors to Canada or Canadians visiting other parts of their own great country want to see and meet things, people and ways of life that really belong where they find them.

Local craftsmen can often turn out fine products with local flavor that will be more interesting to tourists than imported "souvenirs".

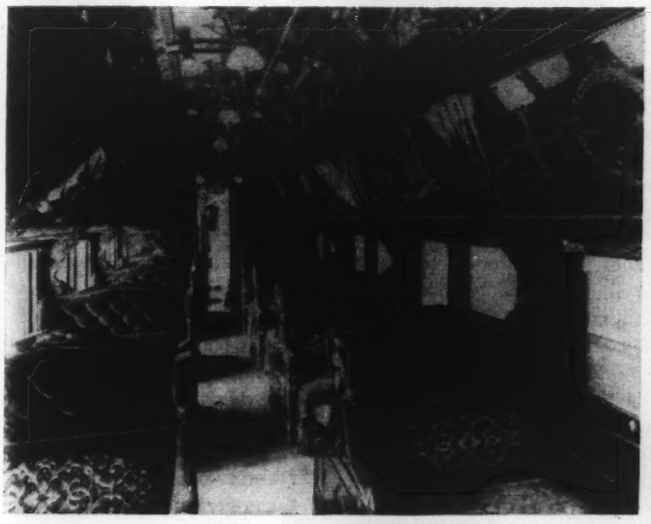
More package tours and deferred payment plans should be offered by accommodation and transportation organizations for trips within Canada as well as those abroad. For example, single women—school teachers, secretaries, stenographers and so on—travel each summer. Where do they go? Mostly to the United States, Europe and the Caribbean because tours are arranged and the single woman is protected. Why don't we have package tours for single girls in Canada? Many Canadian travel interests have evidently overlooked the importance of women in travel. It is women too, who decide where the family will go. Women want the surroundings to be nice and attractive.

There is no magic answer to travel within Canada. We must complete and we must promote. But we can do it and the dividends are rich for Canada, because when you add it all up, travel is just about our biggest business.

Travellers in Winnipeg in 1872: Wagons and prairie dust.

Trans-Canada's Viscount: 1956.

Travel in Canada: Then and Now



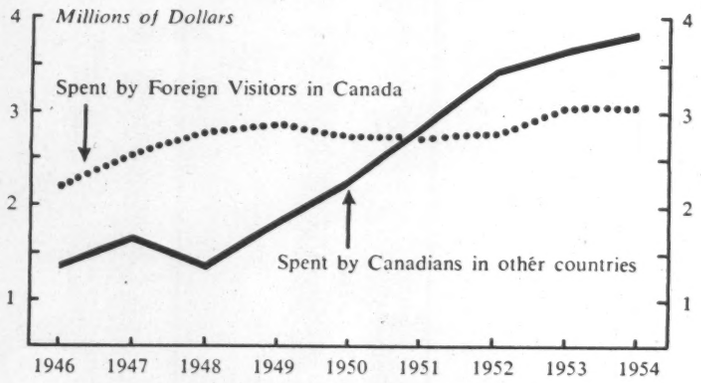
The CNR's Sleepers: Old and New.

A hundred years ago travelling for pleasure in Canada was unknown. There was no transcontinental railway until 1885 and the waterways were still the best throughways. Even fifty years ago a journey of more than a day's length was quite an undertaking. The automobile changed all this. Holidays became occasions for jaunting around the countryside. The vacation with pay made travel possible for the whole family, rather than the exclusive preserve of the rich. Good roads became a necessity and highways linked the country more intimately than the railways had ever done. The overnight cabin and motel sprang up and catering to tourists developed into a new and lucrative industry. Now the aeroplane accelerates the revolution in travel, spanning the continent easily, wiping out distance and almost erasing time.

This motorist of the middle twenties was travelling in style. Today he would probably camp in a trailer park or put up at a luxury motel.

Canadians spend $400 million a year on travel in other countries. How much do they spend in Canada? No one can really tell. One rough estimate: $345 million.

Comparison of Spending



Based on figures compiled by Dominion Bureau of Statistics

The Mysterious Traveller

by Woodman Lamb

THE CANADIAN tourist is a mysterious person as long as he stays in his own country. Once outside, he sheds his mystery as rapidly as he does his winter coat in Florida or his inhibitions in Las Vegas. There's little information on how he spends his holidays in Canada, but once he crosses into the United States, his travelling habits are recorded with loving care —and oddly enough, so are the habits of the American tourist in Canada. We know, for example, that 4,200,898 U.S. travellers came to Canada in 1954 and spent an average of $52.76 per person, and in the same year 2,707,840 Canadians visited the U.S. and spent an average of $88.62 per person. But there is only the sketchiest information about the Canadian holidaying in Canada.

This lack of knowledge about the Canadian holidayer makes impossible any accurate estimate of the full value of the travel business to the country. Various provinces have made their own estimates, based largely on revenue from liquor sales, gasoline taxes and hunting and fishing licences.

The provincial estimates of the total value of tourist business are given elsewhere on this page. They total, in round figures, $646 million. Subtract from this receipts from foreign tourists, $302 million, and what's left ($345 million) should be the value of domestic travel. But this could be wrong by several millions, because of the variation in the Provinces' methods of making the estimates.

Canadians spent about $400 million on travel outside Canada last year, and outsiders spent better than $300 million in this country. Add to the latter figure the substantial sum spent by Canadians holidaying in Canada, and the total spells Very Big Business.

Getting a good share of this growing business is clearly more than a local problem. In its broader aspect, it involves matters that reach deeply into the life of the nation—adequate road systems, control of land development, conservation of soil and water resources — and are the heavy responsibilities of government at all levels.

To return to dollar values: the money taken out of and brought into Canada is an important item in Canada's import and export trade. In 1954, for example, Canadians spent $313 million "buying" U.S. travel, $207 million on U.S. farm machinery, $256 million on U.S. autos and auto parts and $220 million on U.S. chemicals. Americans bought $280 million worth of Canadian travel, $206 million of Canadian pulpwood, $124 million of Canadian nickel and $226 million of Canadian sawn lumber. Canadians now spend more on travel outside Canada than on any single commodity import.

The deficit in the tourist import-export account affects Canada's balance of international payments. This is not alarming as long as there are other factors to offset it. There are two alarming considerations, however. One is the strong possibility that the increase in Canadian travel in other countries has been at least partly at the expense of domestic travel. The other is that Canada has been unable to maintain its share of what Americans spend on travel outside the U.S. Since 1946, American spending on outside travel has increased from $457 million to $960 million, but Canada's share of this expenditure has decreased from 46 per cent to 30 per cent. Our tourist receipts from the U.S. have grown, but not in proportion.

This brings us back to the mysterious Canadian tourist and his opposite number, the well-known American. By finding out more about the former, we may well discover how we can better attract the latter. What is needed, obviously, is a broader, deeper study by governments of the holidayer, genus Canadensis.

Value of Tourists

Estimates by Provinces of total value to them of Tourist Trade

British Columbia	**$ 86.5 million**
Alberta	**42.0**
Saskatchewan	**12.0**
Manitoba	**26.5**
Ontario	**250.0**
Quebec	**150.0**
New Brunswick	**35.7**
Nova Scotia	**44.2**

No figures available for Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

Where Canadians Go

Where they plan to travel this year and where they went last year

	1956	1955
Within own province	**47.4%**	**50.1%**
Outside province, in Canada	**25.0%**	**22.5%**
United States	**26.0%**	**34.8%**
Overseas	**1.6%**	**2.2%**

1955 percentages total more than 100% because some holidayers visited more than one place during the year.

Based on survey by Magazine Advertising Bureau of Canada.

Bridey Murphy: A Grubby Hoax

by Nathan Cohen

It took Morey Bernstein three years to find Bridey Murphy. It has taken less than three months for this pathetic creature to be driven back into the void she was summoned from.

For the record. Hypnotist Bernstein and subject get the past on tape.

WE ARE NOT, it seems, what we think we are, and never were, and never will be. Or, to put it another way, those living today are only the current reincarnations of men and women of other eras and epochs, and will be reborn again, and again, in the bodies of people belonging to all eras and epochs to come, down to the end of time.

It is not true, you see, that we die. We simply pass from one phase of existence to another. Between states of physical consciousness, we repair to an immaterial, textureless world, where there is no heat, no cold, no war, no disease, no regulations, no law, no one to order us about, no emotional irritations or mental discomforts. But our condition, while in this void, is by no means quiescent. Far from it. Although there really is not much to talk about, we can, if we wish to, commune with our fellow-spirits. We have the ability to look into the future, seldom a rewarding exercise. We can go anywhere in the world that fancy takes us, even visit the ones we knew and loved in our immediate past life — a fruitless pursuit, since people who are alive now just will not see or listen to disembodied beings.

Principally, however, we spend our time in limbo waiting to be reborn, an event which finds us with no conscious recollection of our earlier existence and experiences. It must be understood that we have nothing to say about the time and place of our return to human form, or, for that matter, our form. This is decided by mysterious forces which are all-powerful. The one constant is our gender: the male is always a male, woman forever woman.

Beyond that, destiny is capricious. A slave in ancient Egypt may reappear as a nobleman in Elizabethan England, a prairie farmer in Canada today, or as the Prime Minister of the United Planets of the World in the thirtieth century. The soul which dwelt in Xantippe, wife of Socrates, may since have resided with Joan of Arc, the wife of a Negro slave in the United States at the time of the Civil War, and may be disguised this moment as a model in a fashion shop in Toronto. In one lifetime, you may have spent your years placidly; in another, violently. It makes no difference. You have no choice in the matter, and are not responsible—you cannot be held to account — for your conduct, or its consequences.

Accordingly, it is idle for you ever to feel guilt for your actions, or to weigh their moral and social values. The best, and safest course, is simply to do what seems most natural and least disturbing. Ultimately, it doesn't matter, and there is always the possibility that, if your current existence is an unexciting one, in a previous civilization you were a lord of the realm, and that in a future one you will put Shakespeare to shame. It all depends on what slot you're dropped through when the time comes to be reborn.

Our authority for the preceding information, and philosophy, is an Irishwoman named Bridey Murphy, who was born in Cork in 1798 and died in Belfast in 1864 from a fall down a flight of stairs, but was reincarnated in the person of Mrs. Ruth Simmons, now resident in Pueblo, Colorado. The facts about Bridey and life after death and before birth were divulged by her in the course of some six hypnotic sessions conducted by Morey Bernstein, an earnest young businessman of Pueblo, who came to subjects like telepathy and clairvoyance a sceptic, but is now a devout, committed believer.

The history of the Bridey Murphy revelations can be told briefly. Mr. Bernstein took up hypnosis as a hobby, and discovered that, among his friends and acquaintances, Mrs. Simmons was especially receptive to mesmerism. At one of his sessions with her, he put the young matron into a deep trance and took her back to her childhood. After she had regressed to the age of one, he asked her to go back further, "back, back, back, until, oddly enough, you find yourself in some other scene, in some other place, in some other time". Upon this behest, Mrs. Simmons gave her name as Bridey Murphy. With a little urging, she proceeded to relate her Irish history, complete with a description of her "passing" and funeral (both of which she witnessed) and her spirit life unto that moment when she was reborn, fifty-nine years later, in the United States.

Mr. Bernstein did not, to be sure, accept the Bridey Murphy story at once. His inquiries into the supernatural made him eager to believe, but he recognized

Hereafter

The Bridey Murphy episode has its instructive side. The bruhahaw . . . shows that people will clutch feverishly at any seeming proof that death does not mean a total cessation of the individual existence. Fear of the finality of death is a universal characteristic, but in our civilization the panic surrounding the subject has a quality about it both ugly and obscene.

the need for scientific objectivity at this possibly climactic moment in human affairs. An Irish brogue was not enough. Bridey must give him facts, documentation.

Bridey is only too happy to oblige. She is the daughter of a barrister. She tells Mr. Bernstein about the bed she played in as a child, and repeats the stories her parents told her about legendary figures like Cuchulain and Deirdre. She describes her marriage to Brian McCarthy, who teaches law in Belfast and writes intermittently for a local paper. Irishisms drop freely from her lips. "Don't say 'river'," she admonishes the exhilarated Bernstein, "say 'lough' ". When she "passed", she was not buried but "ditched". She refers to the meals she served her husband, discusses a rather unhappy marital situation involving a relative, and volunteers evidence about her musical accomplishments. Bridey plays a lyre, and dances a Morning Jig. Mrs. Simmons is a poor dancer, but Bridey gyrates pertly. Before such incontrovertible proof, who dares to disbelieve?

By the sixth session, Mr. Bernstein knows he has made a momentous finding. The details proffered by Bridey are too intimate to be invented, or acquired casually. Clearly, the ordinary and middle-class woman of Pueblo, Colorado and the ordinary, middle-class woman of Cork and Belfast of the previous century are one and the same. Prodded by friends, Mr. Bernstein wrote out his story. A publisher was found, the book printed. *The Search for Bridey Murphy* was an overnight sensation and the man who found her the celebrity of the hour.

It took Morey Bernstein three years to find Bridey Murphy. It has taken less than three months for this pathetic creature to be driven back into the void she was summoned from, driven there by the inquiries of newspaper reporters, the hammer blows of scientists, and the puncturing gibes of professional humorists. The onslaught was irresistible. Bridey was not the only one to run for cover. Mrs. Ruth Simmons, her present vessel of perpetuation, has also been compelled to seek refuge in "some other place" to escape her tormentors.

For, of course, the "fact" of the Bridey Murphy phenomenon are not facts at all. There are no records of her birth in Cork or death in Belfast. The law school where her husband lectured does not exist, and the yellowed, crumbling volumes of the *Belfast News-Letter* reveal no articles by him. Her pronunciation is execrable, her Irishisms hopelessly wrong. "Lough" does not mean "river", and "ditch" is not a colloquialism for "bury". Furthermore, Mrs. Simmons has more of an Irish parentage than the book leads us to believe. She was raised, we are told, by a Scottish-Irish aunt. But her real father and mother were at least part-Irish, and the haphazard nuggets of Irish lore and geography Bridey casts are exactly the kind of thing Mrs. Simmons could have picked up from her parents and aunt and filed away in her mind when she was very young. But the book is singularly unrevealing about Mrs. Simmons's childhood.

In any event, one does not have to get the facts, ma'am, to realize that Bridey Murphy's autobiography is wholly fictitious. The whole tenor of Bernstein's questionings makes it clear that, while in a trance, Mrs. Simmons created Bridey because she felt this is what he wanted of her. As medical psychologists have been pointing out for a long time now, a good hypnotic subject, a somnambule, is acutely responsive to the faintest hint. If he cannot obtain the necessary information solicited from him in his actual store of knowledge, he will invent it. So it was with Mrs. Simmons. When Bernstein told her to move back in time and space, she did so. When he demanded corroboration from Bridey Murphy that she lived and died, she provided it by reaching out for all she had ever read or heard or seen to help her.

Now the furore is over. In this age of intercontinental missiles, vogues and fads consume themselves at an unprecedented rate of speed. So Bridey Murphy costume parties are already becoming passé; the television gagsters have moved into greener fields for jokes; the amateur hypnosis craze is fading fast.

In California, where strange cults proliferate, a spiritualist, we are given to understand, offers to make contact with potential near and dear ones before they are born, rather than after death, but that's in California. Elsewhere, the excitement has waned, and people who talked about Bridey seriously now laugh her off, or change the subject. In a few months from now, copies of the book and the tape recording will be on sale at bargain prices. In a year from now, no one will remember her except the unfortunate Mrs. Simmons (do you suppose she'll ever agree to be hypnotized again?) and Mr. Bernstein, and at least he has his royalties to assuage the pain.

In their hearts, too, there must be a great many people who feel sorry the case for Bridey Murphy collapsed, not because of any belief in reincarnation, but because of the comfort to be derived from Mrs. Simmons's vision of the human destiny. Never mind that it is drab and insipid, the product of a grubby intellect, a barren imagination. Think rather how nice it would be if she had been proved right, and that we are indeed the playthings of some force which relieves us of all the strain of thinking and acting, of answering for our mistakes and errors, of having to be grown-up. How much more convenient things would be.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Britain's Biggest Bore

by Beverley Nichols

SOMETHING UNIQUE is happening in Britain. For the first time in history a great people is in danger of being bored to extinction.

The phrase is to be interpreted quite literally. The bore is Sir Anthony Eden. It is not his fault; it is his misfortune, and it may be our disaster. At a moment when our situation is possibly as perilous as at any time since Dunkirk, he has only to open his mouth for the nation to shut its ears; he has only to appear on television for there to be a record switching-off.

For the first few months of his leadership the Tory party and the Tory press stifled its yawns. After all, we had been warned. We had all heard the epigram, attributed, rightly or wrongly, to Sir Winston Churchill—"When Anthony makes a speech he delivers himself of every platitude in the English language except 'God is Love' and 'Kindly adjust your dress before leaving' ".

But we had not fully realized his unique capacities for engendering ennui. Gradually, as the world stage darkened, and the Eden platitudes droned on in a soporific chant, it became increasingly evident that the situation was no longer funny. There were menacing growls of impatience from the super-Tory *Daily Telegraph,* followed by a positive thunderclap of protest from Randolph Churchill in the *Evening Standard.* Lord Hailsham —a Tory of Tories—was the next. "Oh, for a man to make a song!" he wailed, in Lord Kemsley's *Sunday Graphic.* The tragedy of the moment, he declared, was that there was no one in public life today who could inspire us. "No one, no one," he repeated, "no Winston to command the poetic language which fires the heart and the mind of the people into one sense of purpose."

It remained for Malcolm Muggeridge, the sprightly editor of *Punch,* to strike the *coup de grâce.* In the literature of satire, French as well as English, I can recall no more deadly onslaught than Muggeridge's article in *The New Statesman.* It is the talk of London. After referring to the "utter nothingness of what Eden has to say", he continues:

"Eden is a Disraeli hero who has moved into a service flat, or perhaps a deep shelter; a Bertie Wooster who has turned from the Drones Club to Toynbee Hall. As has been truly said, he is not only a bore but he bores for England."

Of Eden's television appearances he writes: "He delivers a flow of banalities in the persuasive manner of an ex-officer trying to sell one a fire-extinguisher at the front door. His writings are the same. There is nothing wrong with them except that they are unreadable."

In this mounting crisis, Sir Anthony has one powerful, if unexpected, ally—Lord Beaverbrook. Unexpected because Lord Beaverbrook is the last man on earth to suffer bores gladly, and one would have imagined that his genius might have detected the havoc that Sir Anthony, by his sheer super-nonentity, is causing. Not so.

Eden: Utter nothingness.

The *Express* daily trumpets his praises with all the brass at its command. But not even the Beaverbrook papers can quite conceal their yawns. As I write, the *Evening Standard* is starring a gentleman called Richard Strong—of whom few in Fleet Street seem to have heard—to tell us that we must all rally behind Sir Anthony. Mr. Strong writes terrible prose, but at least he is honest. Here — sandwiched between paragraphs of adulation —is his fatal admission. He is bound to confess, he writes, that "no one has ever heard the whole of a speech by Sir Anthony. That is perfectly true. He drawls. His delivery is poor. He has to be read to get the significance . . . if there is any."

Ye Gods! What is Lord Beaverbrook thinking of? How is it conceivable that he can think such a man is a fit leader of the nation? What would have happened to the people of Britain, in 1940, if "nobody had ever heard the whole" of a speech by Churchill? If, instead of illuminating the world with those rockets of rhetoric ("their finest hour" . . . "we shall fight on the beaches"), he had drawled, and hummed and hawed, and given us rather less inspiration than we should have received from a summary of the annual report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Local Sanitary Inspectors?

There is only one thing to be said in favor of Eden as a leader. (As a private individual I am prepared to believe that he may be a bundle of charm.) And that is, that if Britain is ever invaded by Russia, if the Queen is compelled to abdicate, and if we find ourselves wandering round the ruins of St. Paul's searching for scraps of bread, he will make the whole thing seems so stiflingly dull that we shan't know it is happening.

Talking of the ruins round St. Paul's, there are many of us who would prefer that those ruins should remain, till the end of time, rather than that they should form the site of such a harsh and incongruous hotchpotch of ultra-modern office buildings as is threatened by the new plan which has at last been laid before us.

The architect is the "distinguished" Sir William Holford, and to the man-in-the-street he seems to have "distinguished" himself by shutting his eyes to the noble silhouette of the Cathedral, and surrounding it by an angular medley of industrial skyscrapers. It is about as pleasing as if the Italians were to build a super-market in the piazza outside St. Mark's in Venice.

His defence for this distressing display is that if he had designed monumental buildings that would have harmonized with the Cathedral, the twenty-seven acres surrounding it would have been an area of "no life, no function and no interest". This is surely the strangest apologia that can ever have come from the lips of a man who is, or should be, dedicated to the service of beauty. Was the Acropolis an area of "no life, no function, and no interest" merely because it did not echo to the ticking of typewriters and the clatter of adding-machines?

Some of us feel particularly bitter about this impending desecration not only because we have worshipped in St. Paul's but because we have fought in her shadow. During the war my most vivid memory, as a reporter, was joining the fire-fighting squads whose finest hours were spent in the city battle against the incendiaries in '41. Nobody who ever saw the great dome silhouetted against a sulphurous curtain of flame is likely to forget the sight. It is grimly ironic that what

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By the time these words are in print, those two ambassadors of sweetness and light, Khrushchev and Bulganin, will be in our midst, and what useful purpose will be served by their visit (apart from the sublime possibility that they may be bored to death by Sir Anthony Eden) is anybody's guess. In the meantime we have had an instructive foretaste of what to expect in the person of Mr. Malenkov.

To the great majority of Englishmen Mr. Malenkov has been presented in the most amiable light—beaming all over his three chins, quoting the poet Burns, shaking hands with factory girls, kissing workers' babies; beaming, beaming all over his face, even when he was being asked if he were aware of the fact that Stalin used to torture children.

But some of us, myself among them, have been afforded a slightly different glimpse of this amiable creature. We have been nearly killed by him, or rather by the circus of powerful black Zis cars in which he has been careering around London. In all my motoring life—and I have driven through most of the countries of Europe—I have never seen anything quite so outrageous as the behavior of those cars. My own experience was a few nights ago, on Constitution Hill, which lies in the shadow of Buckingham Palace. I was pushed into the gutter by one Zis, and passed on the wrong side by another, which then shot across the bows of a taxi, which only saved itself by pulling up with a screech of brakes. A third Zis, with its klaxon screaming, then shot by at double the speed limit. It was like a parody of a Chicago gangster film, and if that little episode — which is not isolated — could have been presented on television, it might have given the British workman a somewhat different impression of Mr. Malenkov's smile.

Malenkov: Gangster parody.

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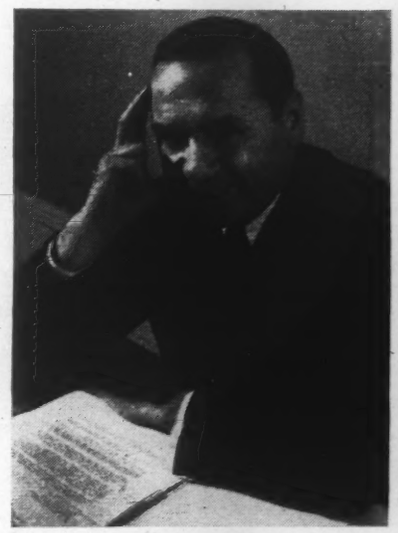

D. Leo Dolan

SELDOM has there been a love affair as passionate or as potent as the one of Daniel Leo Dolan for Canada.

As director of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau, his personal enthusiasm for his job over the past 22 years has led him to deliver some 2,000 speeches with such purple praise for his love that sometimes even the Song of Solomon seems like a mild bit of reporting in comparison. This year, a typical one, he will travel 50,000 miles beating the sales drum for Canada, extolling the virtues of our mountains, lakes, streams and even snow. ("You can't keep it a secret that snow falls in Canada. Snow is terrific!") Already this year he has been to Tokyo, Hong Kong and Honolulu, preaching travel, and travel to Canada in particular.

Camillien Houde, the pear-shaped, former mayor of Montreal, was so impressed by Dolan's oratory that he called him, "One of the best public speakers I have heard in the English language". Alejandro Buelna, Jr., executive secretary of the National Tourist Commission of Mexico used superlatives: "Among the many men and women who during recent years have distinguished themselves by their earnest efforts to promote travel, Mr. Leo Dolan stands foremost". The testimonial of Carlos P. Anesi, President of the Federation of Interamerican Automobile Clubs of Buenos Aires, began, "Mr. Dolan is one of the most dynamic Irish-Canadians I have met".

The subject for all this praise, of the variety usually saved up for posthumous occasions, is a 61-year-old, effervescent, former newspaperman, who is very much alive, and who gives the impression that if it were possible to burn the candle at more than two ends he would.

Compliments for a man in Dolan's position are a rarity in Canada. His government-subsidized bureau has much the same status as the National Film Board or the CBC. Whereas opposition members, and sometime even members of the government, pack Hansard with criticism of both the CBC and NFB, somehow Dolan and his bureau have escaped. The reason for this is Dolan's deep and devout personal interest in his job.

The chief function of his bureau is to convince Americans that the best place to spend their vacation time and money is in Canada. His staff of eighty handles the 400,000 inquiries he gets a year. But he adds the personal touch to any letter bearing a suggestion or complaint.

To the four girls from Boston who requested he be ready with four Mounties for their arrival in Antigonish (object: romance), he politely wished them luck but suggested they would have to get their own men. To the Delaware man who was searching for a full-blooded Indian girl (object: matrimony) Dolan sent a list of Indian reservations and his blessing. To the woman who wanted reassurance her body would be sent home to Denver for burial, in the event she died while visiting Canada, he sent reassurance.

"Most Americans", he says, "are pleased with our hospitality. But they frequently complain of our highways and food—not wide enough or individual enough, in that order".

Although he answers American complaints in the polite manner of merchants who have one code—the customer is always right—he is not quite as soft-spoken in speaking to the Canadians they are commenting about. At a service club in Penticton, BC or Kirkland Lake, Ontario, he gestures like a fire-and-brimstone minister, "Canadians are too satisfied with what they have. We grow the best food in the world here, but it is often pre-

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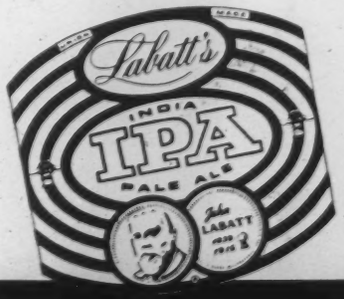

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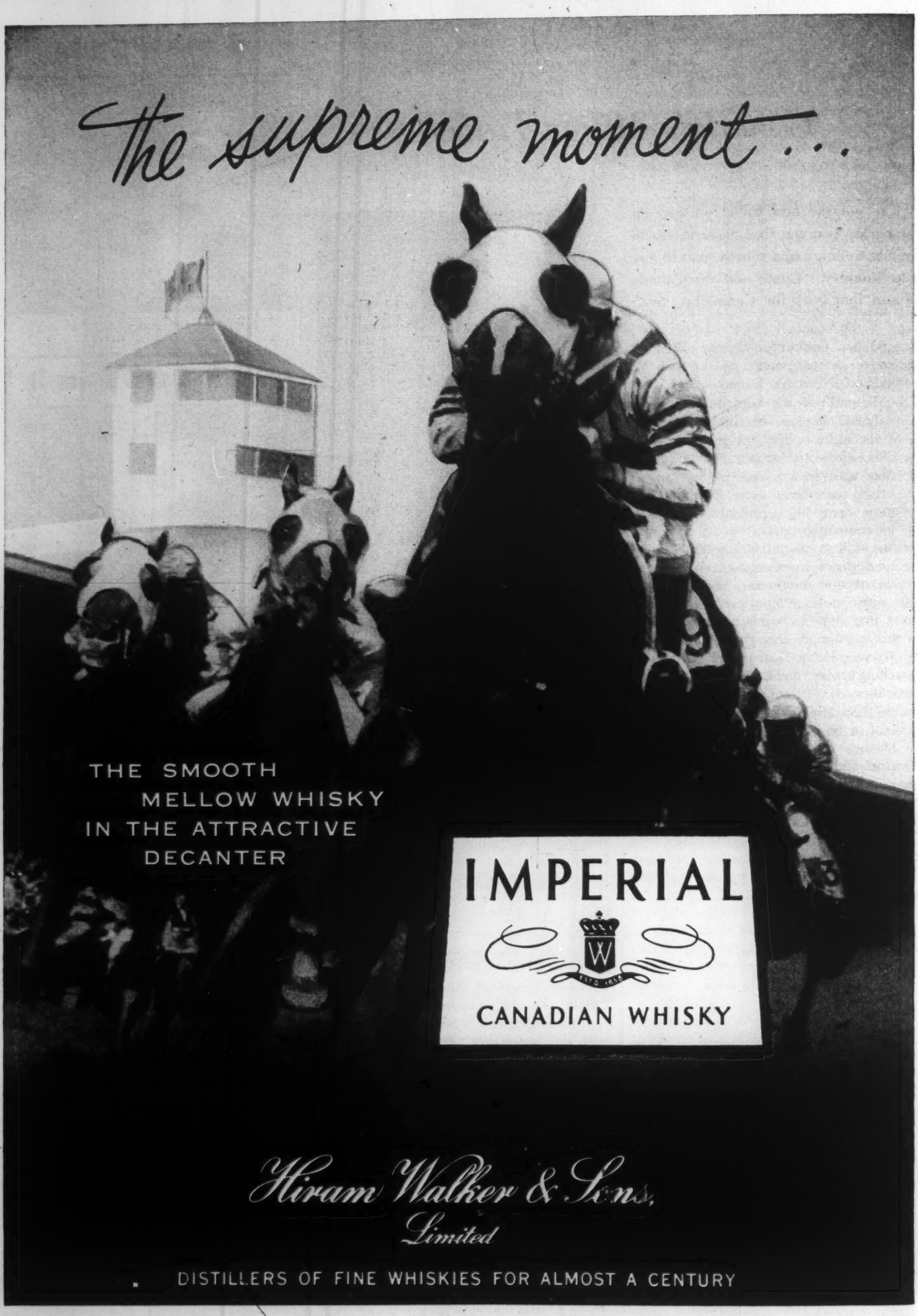
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pared without imagination. We have the raw product, but not the individuality to give it character. In Boston, you eat delicious lobster—the lobster comes from Canada. In New York, the best salmon is from Nova Scotia. Food in Canada has improved in the last ten years. But we have a long way to go yet."

Dolan's other pet peeve is the Canadians' lack of pride in their own history. "You take the man in Massachusetts," he says, as if beginning an after-dinner speech. "He wants to open a hotel, but can't find any selling point. So, he reaches back into history. And the sign in front of his place reads 'Paul Revere would have stayed here had he come this way'. The point I want to make is that we don't have to manufacture history. It's right here."

Dolan seldom makes a point in a conversation without punctuating it with a sweep of at least one arm. "I get so mad," he says, pushing his arms above his five-foot-eight frame, "I get so angry when we imitate Americans in Canada. You drive in Quebec and see a sign, 'The New York Motel'. The American tourist doesn't want to see that. He would rather stay at a place where he can hardly pronounce the name, like 'Chez la plume de ma tante!' Why can't people just be themselves?" And he adds with a smile, "I'm Irish, you know. That's why I get so annoyed."

Leo Dolan has been himself since he was born on February 14th, 1895, at Fredericton, New Brunswick, the son of James Dolan, a lumber and deputy land surveyor. In 1912, he quit high school two years before graduation to take a job as a sports reporter on the *Fredericton Gleaner*. He spent 20 years in newspaper work across Canada, including a stay as the youngest member of the press gallery, before entering the travel field as director of the New Brunswick Bureau of Information and Travel.

It was obvious from the beginning that tourist-promotion and Dolan were meant for one another. He headed for the lucrative U.S. market. He presented a bear cub as a mascot to the Boston Bruins Hockey Club in 1934 and got so much publicity for New Brunswick in the act that a Maine newsman reported, "By some stroke of genius Mr. Dolan has managed to dominate the Boston Sportsman's Show Completely. He gets more press notices and more publicity than any other two sections you would care to mention! . . ."

Soon after he took a frozen moose with him to the World Series in Philadelphia. He presented the carcass to the Philadelphia Athletics who were playing the St. Louis Cardinals. The theory was that a good sport plays better when on a diet of frozen moose meat. The Athletics enjoyed the meat, but lost the game. But New Brunswick got the required publicity.

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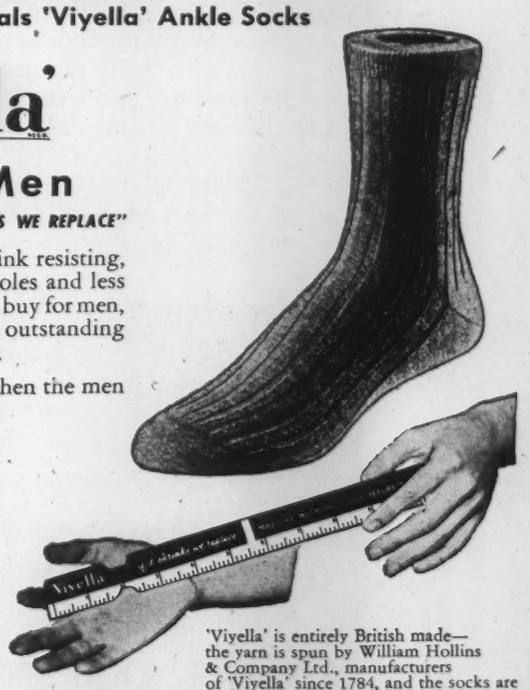

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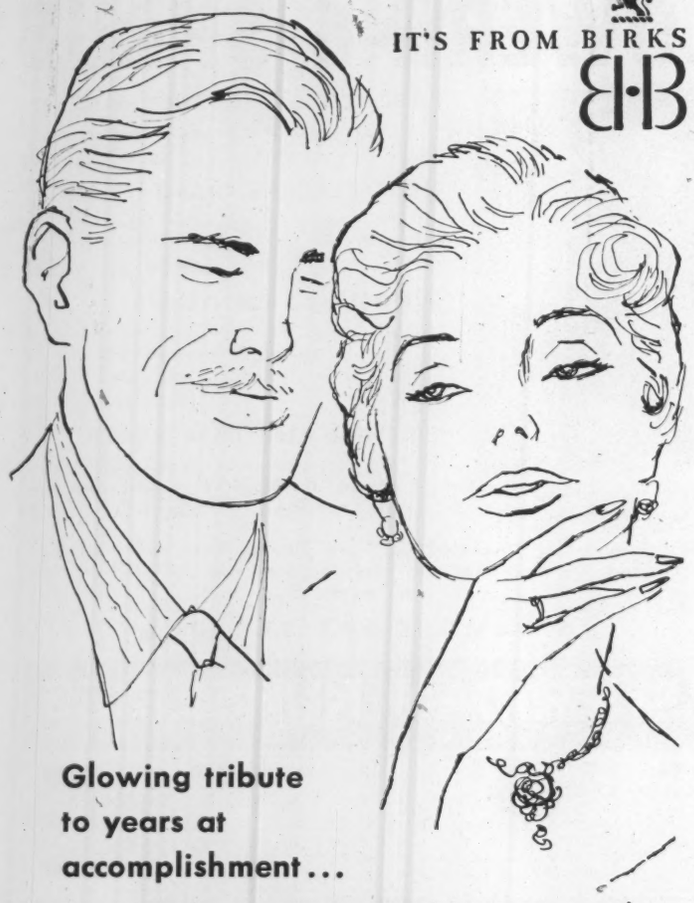

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To mark an anniversary or other great moment
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a fine diamond ring that will recall a
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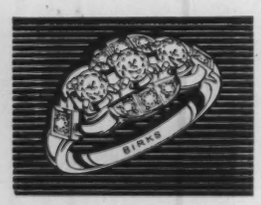

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BIRKS
JEWELLERS

American sportsmen made New Brunswick a point of call. President Roosevelt was one of the visiting Americans who became friends with the promotion-conscious Dolan. Dolan still treasures three personal letters of thanks from him.

When a Senate committee was appointed to investigate the declining tourist industry of Canada in 1934, Dolan was called as a witness. The fast-talking Irishman, who looks something like a combination of Pat O'Brien and Spencer Tracy, sold the Senate on establishing the Canadian Government Travel Bureau, and himself to head it. Since that time he has had his budget boosted from $100,000 a year to a million and half dollars, most of it spent on advertisements in U.S. publications.

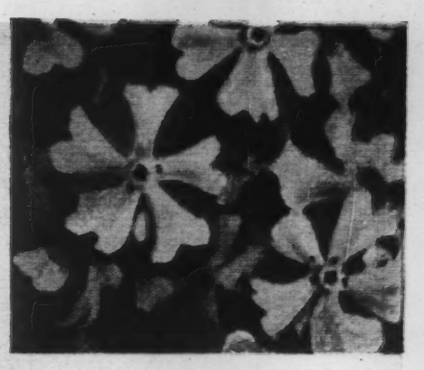
Dolan's critics point out that Canadians spent more in the U.S. than Americans did in Canada, with 361 million Canadian dollars crossing the border. Dolan's Irish temper rises at the suggestion, "More Americans come here than to any country in the world. But we are competing against all luxury items in getting the dollar. Also, keep in mind that international travel has become increasingly cheaper, and more comfortable. A second-class ticket on a ship today is almost as good as first class accommodation aboard the Titanic. A tourist seat on a plane is only a champagne glass away from a first class seat. But, even so, more Canadians are employed in recreation than ever before. It's not graphs and tables that count. It's cash registers."

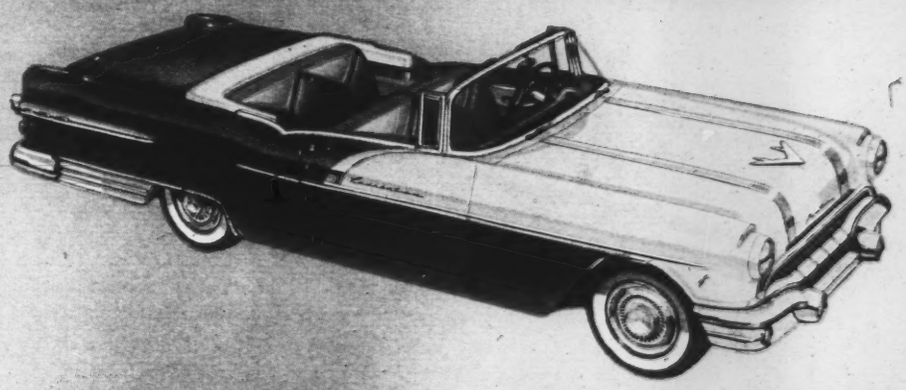
Dolan has survived ten different cabinet ministers while his bureau has been shifted among six different departments. There is a strong feeling in Ottawa that it is time to have a cabinet minister in charge of travel, similar to provincial posts. Should that happen, Dolan, of course, would be the natural choice for deputy.

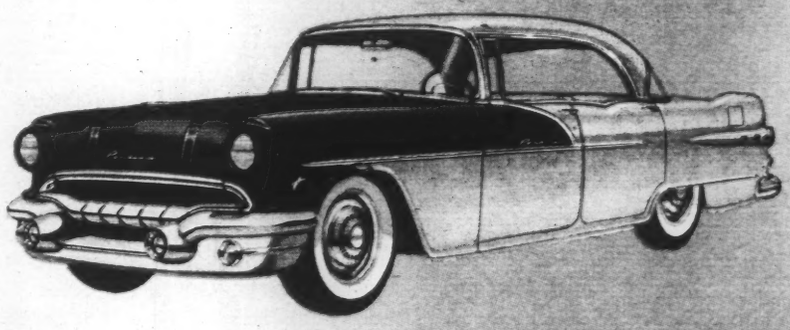
Like a true public servant, Dolan gives the impression of knowing everything that has happened in Ottawa, but says little about it. On his $10,000 a year salary, he maintains a modest bachelor apartment in Ottawa. He found it difficult to travel fifty thousand miles a year and keep a wife, too.

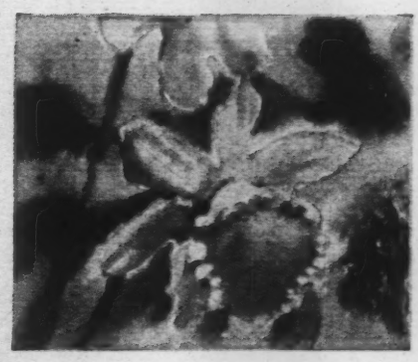
Besides, in Dolan's life there is room for only one love. As keynote speaker at the Pacific Area Travel Association Conference at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, as a special speaker at a tourism conference at Abilene, Kansas, he made the same speech—the same one he's been making for the last 22 years—"We've got the best travel package in the world. You can find more things in Canada to enjoy as a tourist than in any other country. We've got a wonderful country. Come, see Canada." In a speech, later at Fredericton, NB, he added, "That goes for Canadians, too".

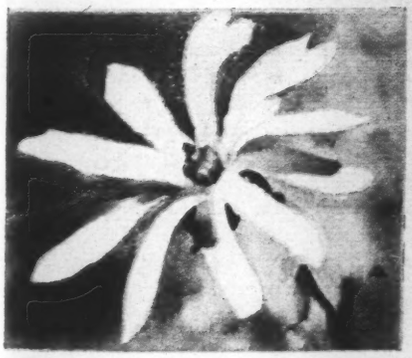
Oh, to be in a PONTIAC now that April's here!











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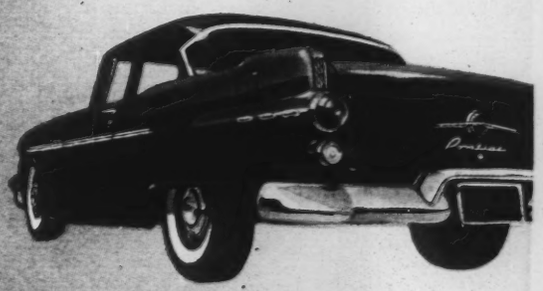


Blossom out in style... buy a

PONTIAC

A Matter of Morality

by Robertson Davies

WE ALL KNOW the person who says "There is so much that is sordid and unpleasant in life that I don't want to have it thrust upon me in books and in the theatre". Sometimes they make us furious; sometimes we pity them. They are, in a sense, deeply immoral people, for their concept of the arts is a low one; to them the Nine Muses are a group of gifted but silly girls whose job it is to amuse them when they relax from their more serious pursuits; all writers, musicians and painters are, in their eyes, harlots. But without allying ourselves with these pompous nitwits we must recognize that there are some works of art to which we take exception on moral grounds. That is the way I feel about the novels of Kingsley Amis.

It is with hesitation that I use that loaded and dangerous word "moral", but I am sure that readers of SATURDAY NIGHT understand it in its broad and not in its narrow sense, which implies sexual conservatism and nothing else. My objection to Mr. Amis's two novels — *Lucky Jim* and *That Uncertain Feeling* — is that in them he seems to be inviting me to admire and sympathize with, and identify myself with, mean people who live by standards which I abhor. And to this end he employs his very considerable gifts as a humorist and a writer. To me the effect is alarming, for I am temperamentally disposed to accept what is told me by good writers, especially if they are also humorists. But by the time I had finished Mr. Amis's second book I felt like one of those unfortunate monks, so common in mediaeval legend, who discovered that the charming stranger with whom he had been in eager converse was really the Devil.

What is the theme of the books? *Lucky Jim* is about a young instructor in history in an English provincial university; he is surrounded by second-rate people, and they drive him to extravagant conduct which costs him his job; but he ends up with a better, soft job, and a pretty girl. That is what makes him lucky, for he has certainly not deserved well of fate. In *That Uncertain Feeling* the chief character is a young Welsh sub-librarian, who wants a better job, and gets it by having an affair with the wife of the strong man on the library board; he is not wholly cold-blooded about it, and he has moments of remorse; in the end he gets the job, but refuses it, and goes away to do clerical work at a mine.

Kingsley Amis has received several drubbings recently, and it is not my desire to join the forces of righteousness by adding my own blows. Somerset Maugham has described Amis's heroes succinctly as "scum"; Edmund Wilson has been more temperate in language, but not less severe in judgment. But neither these two, nor anybody else who has written about Amis, has expressed the emotion which I felt after reading his books, which was that they were immoral and tended to corrupt. Why do I feel so strongly on this matter?

Perhaps I am becoming a mossback and a fuddy-duddy. But when I was a schoolboy I was greatly impressed by a sermon which the late Dr. W. L. Grant delivered to a group of extremely startled boys, whom he addressed in these words: "Live dangerously! Sin nobly! If your work in life be evil, bring the full magnitude of your heart and soul to it! Never sink to the mean and the petty!" This still seems to me to be first-rate advice, and I am shocked when Kingsley Amis invites me to admire men who are mean and petty.

I do not despise Lucky Jim because he is a fish out of water in his university job. I do not despise him because he listens to other people's telephone conversations, tries to frighten people with anonymous letters, and makes mischief by destroying documents and making telephone calls in an assumed voice. A man, unstrung by difficult circumstances, might do all of these things; he would not be a Henty hero when he did them, but he would be understandable and pitiable; charity would not be denied him. But I despise Jim because he thinks that university work is a ramp, and that it is all right for him to pose as a teacher of history when he knows no history.

In *That Uncertain Feeling,* I can forgive John Lewis for tiring of his wife, for cultivating stupid people for what he can get out of them, and for behaving like a fool when he is almost taken in adultery; these things happen, and we are lucky when they do not happen to us personally. But I cannot forgive John Lewis for treating his library job as a bore which he scamps as much as possible; I will not forgive him for applying for a better library job with the avowed intention of doing as little as he can when he gets it.

Lucky Jim and John Lewis are men who have chosen to work in jobs allied to education and the arts, not because they feel drawn to these things or because they mean to take any trouble to advance them, but because they think such jobs are easier than jobs in business. They are both profoundly anti-intellectual in their attitude toward life, and they are both in jobs where they can do great harm. They are barbarians, exploiting, degrading, demoralizing and fouling the streams of civilization. Of such is the Dominion of Hell.

And are you asked to admire these men, somebody may ask. Yes. Every novelist knows that his reader is going to identify himself, so long as he is reading, with the character in the book who appeals to him most. In these two books, only Jim and Lewis are bearable. Many novelists, when they write about people like Jim and Lewis, stand apart from them, describe them objectively, and leave it to the reader to make judgments. This is a very different thing from inviting the reader, as Mr. Amis does, to throw in his lot with Jim or Lewis. The moral background which is to be found in most novels of stature is lacking here.

To speak of a book having a moral background is quite a different thing from calling it a moral, in the sense of an "improving", book. The moral background is the standard of human behavior which the novelist implies, and against which his characters may be measured. An intellectual fraud is the hero of Angus Wilson's *Hemlock and After,* and the book is brilliant in its comment; but there is an implied background against which we measure this successful, but scarcely admirable, man. Mr. Amis gives us no such hope. His people are base, and apparently he expects us to condone and ally ourselves with their baseness.

Local Politician

"If you ever feel the urge to be a representative of the people, take down a catalogue of cheap and homely vices and make another pick."

"It's no part of a councillor's make-up to have or to vent any strong personal feeling. He is a walking compound of all the desires of all the people in his ward, whether they vote for him or belong to his party or club or not. . . . There's only one part of the road that matters, the middle, and it is the place in the long run where you are safest from flying slates."

"It is true that I love wearing soft opinions next to my political skin."

From "Point of Order"
by Gwyn Thomas

He is a writer of great resource and ingenuity, and he can be very funny indeed. But he makes me shudder.

A much finer writer who has not yet achieved the popularity of Mr. Amis is Gwyn Thomas, whose latest novel, *Point of Order*, is at hand. Mr. Thomas has been highly praised by critics, but he still appeals to a rather limited audience, and for a curious reason. He writes prose which very often — and by that I mean every two or three pages — rises to a splendidly poetic level. Now, novelists who write like poets are not uncommon, and some of them are admired. But there is a catch in the poetry of Mr. Thomas, and it is this: it is wildly and extravagantly comic. There are plenty of readers who like poetry, but far too many people assume that what is poetic must also be wholly serious; they are not prepared for poetry which shakes you with laughter, and whirls you round and round until you see the world from a new and unexpectedly refreshing point of view. This characteristic — rather I should say this superb gift — and the fact that Mr. Thomas is very careless about plot makes his books — in Canada at least — an enthusiasm of a few, rather than best-sellers.

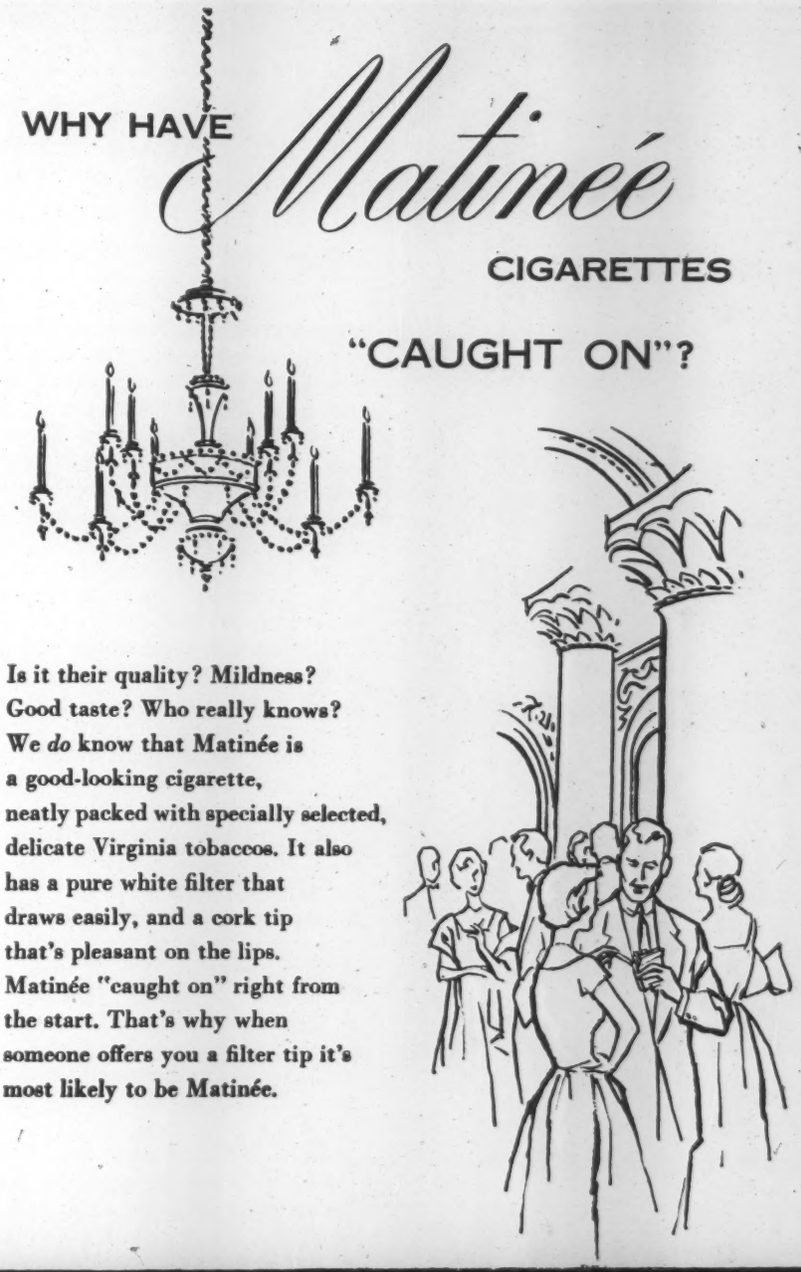
They are not easy reading. They demand close attention if you are to keep up with the author. Not that they are mannered, or precious; they are at the opposite extreme from that. But they are vigorous and lively, and headstrong, and reading them is like keeping your seat on a runaway stallion.

They are all about Wales, and *Point of Order* is about a town alderman who is so utterly immersed in politics that he sees all life in terms of municipal improvement. His existence is a welter of schemes, which he seeks to bring to birth in the midst of a group of people who combine in the highest degree the Welsh passions for rhetoric, politics and moral disputation. For there is no lack of moral background in this book, or any of Thomas's books. All his characters seem to move under the eye of God who, encompassing all good things, possesses also a cosmic sense of humor.

Lucky Jim, by Kingsley Amis—pp. 256—*Gollancz—$2.50.*

That Uncertain Feeling, by Kingsley Amis—pp. 254—*Gollancz—$2.50.*

Point Of Order, by Gwyn Thomas—pp. 224—*Gollancz—$2.50.*


WHY HAVE Matinée CIGARETTES "CAUGHT ON"?
Is it their quality? Mildness? Good taste? Who really knows? We *do* know that Matinée is a good-looking cigarette, neatly packed with specially selected, delicate Virginia tobaccos. It also has a pure white filter that draws easily, and a cork tip that's pleasant on the lips. Matinée "caught on" right from the start. That's why when someone offers you a filter tip it's most likely to be Matinée.

The British at Play

by Mary Lowrey Ross

MOVIE-GOERS with reasonably long memories can recall the time when British comedy was all but unintelligible to most people on this continent. On its rowdier side it derived from the English music halls, and in its politer aspects from the gentle nebulosities of *Punch*. There was, to be sure, a small but loyal audience for this type of entertainment, but it seemed to be made up of people who admired it for its British origin rather than for its quality as comedy. The rest of us simply felt that the Lancashire witticisms of Gracie Fields and the vagaries of the British housewife ("You'll find the salt in the canister marked coffee," etc., etc.) represented a form of comedy pitched either too low or too high to be audible to the untrained ear.

Since the end of World War II, however, British comedy has extended itself impressively, losing most of its insularity while retaining to the full its British flavor. In contrast to American comedy, which depends almost entirely on wisecrack and mechanical predicament, British comedy is based strictly on the oddities of the national temperament. Its crooks, eccentrics and misfits are solidly British, with their peculiarities extended, but still intact. In fact, a great deal of British comedy in the past decade might have been written by an observant foreigner, who had finally seen the joke about the British themselves. It is both hilarious and objective, as good caricature should be, and no longer a private joke for island initiates.

In *The Ladykillers,* for instance, we have Alec Guinness as the mastermind of a gang of crooks who move in on a little lady (Katie Johnson) and make her the innocent accomplice in the £60,000 robbery of an armored car. Equipped with a set of Jack-o-lantern false teeth, and trailing a six-foot woollen scarf, actor Guinness contrives to look like a fearful travesty of Professor Moriarty. It is apple-cheeked Katie Johnson, however, who gives *The Ladykillers* its invincibly British quality. When the members of the gang move into her upper front room to work out their plans, while ostensibly practising chamber music, she plies them with endless interruptions of tea. The plot goes through in spite of her, but she almost wrecks their awesome time-table when, drafted to deliver the loot, she pauses to recover her umbrella and to lecture a street peddler for abusing a horse. Nothing, not even the ultimate discovery of the real occupation of her guests, can shake her imperturbability, her moral rectitude or her sense of propriety. She is a wonder and a delight and it is hoped that no movie producer will ever be able to seduce her with a fat contract into leaving the British Isles where she so rightly belongs.

Simon and Laura, a more conventional piece of British nonsense than *The Ladykillers,* has to do with a frantically incompatible husband and wife who become involved on a television program as Britain's ideally married couple. Every day, Monday through Friday, the pair presents some new and tender aspect of their love on the tiny screen. Off-screen they indulge in the kind of fierce domestic clamor that used to be characteristic of early Noel Coward comedies. Inevitably, someone leaves a switch open in the studio, and the two worlds collide. Apart from this unlikely climax, *Simon and Laura* looks like a straightforward account of the lunatic dream world behind the television cameras, and seems to be constructed on the principle that there's no point in parodying a medium that so obligingly parodies itself. Peter Finch and Kay Kendall are the two stars. Both are glib, handsome, and able. They are competently supported by Muriel Pavlow, Ian Carmichael and Maurice Denham.

Katie Johnson and Alec Guinness

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Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

KEN was waiting there when his father drove up into the driveway. "Ben's right at that," exclaimed the boy, after a quick look at the licence plate. "He said his Dad's automobile and yours had exactly the same numbers this year."

"I must admit I never noticed it, and I see his car often enough," commented his father, "but d'you mean the same numbers or the same figures?"

"No," replied Ken. "It's the same figures and in the same order, except that the last figure of ours is shifted over to be the first of his."

"He's a smart kid," Ken's father laughed, jotting down some figures on his newspaper, "but you can tell Ben our number's just two-thirds of his Dad's: maybe he didn't notice that."

The actual numbers weren't mentioned, but perhaps you can figure them out: it won't be easy! (21)

Answer on Page 38.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

HANS JOHNER, a noted Swiss player, gained his master title at the Hamburg international tournament in 1910. He was a musician by profession. His few problems are of the strategical type, distinguished by depth and subtlety and where possible by pure mates.

No. 139 is his most notable composition, and won first prize in the German Anderssen Tourney, 1919. It presents a tripling of a beautiful problem theme, worked out in masterly style. The key-move is not difficult.

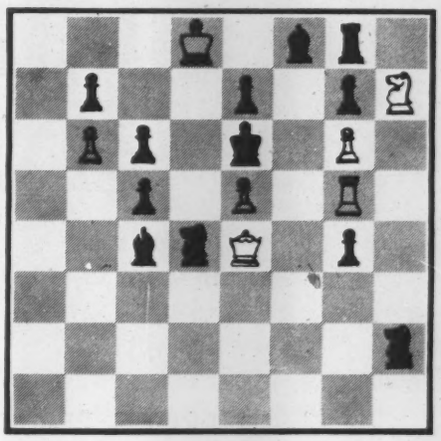
Solution of Problem No. 138.

Key-move 1.R-B5, threatening 2.Kt-Q4 mate. If Kt-Q2; 2.Q-QB2 mate. If Kt-Q4; 2.Q-R5 mate. If B-B7; 2.QxQ mate. If RxKt; 2.BxKt mate. If R-Q3; 2.KtxR mate.

Two black pieces are essentially pinned in the three theme variations. A fine achievement by the Manitoba composer.

Problem No. 139, by H. Johner.

White mates in three.



Off To a Bad Start

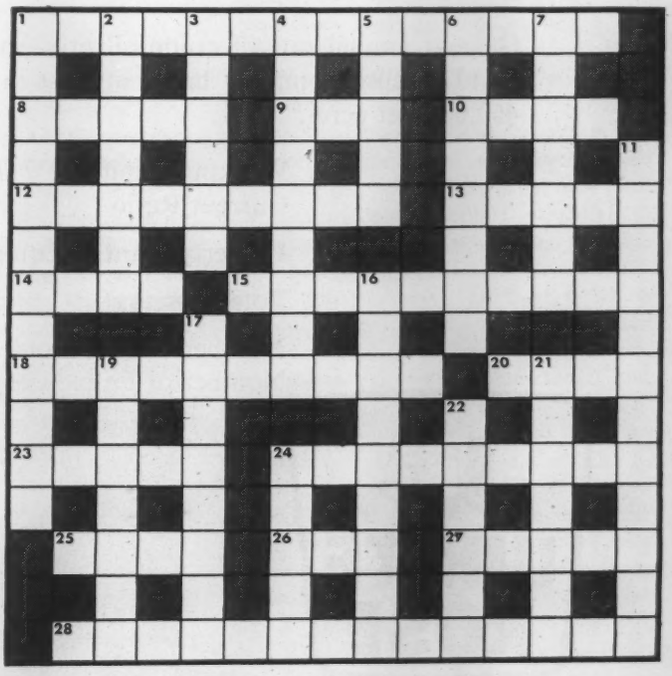
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 Receptacle in which to wash away one's sins? (4, 2, 8)
8 It's tops with most. (5)
9 We doubt if it's the luck favored by a gourmet. (3)
10 It's going to Capri makes stars. (4)
12 Gus, upset, tore after the doctor to get a cure from it, perhaps. (9)
13 She's the result of another atomic fusion. (5)
14 What's in a name? (4)
15 Oh buoy! What a bank account they should have! (10)
18 If at first you don't succeed, ... (10)
20 You might get one from a reckless car driver. (4)
23 Get on the list although the list is shortened. (5)
24 Where I sat around with Laura while Matilda waltzed? (9)
25 This Indian is not outside a 12 anymore, he's inside a shop instead. (4)
26 Why leave off whisky to go round on foot? (3)
27 I make an early start to go to a friend in 19. (5)
28 An initial payment for fish? (4, 2, 8)

DOWN

1 Ear plug? (5, 7)
2 A writer going up to take the air; sea air, probably. (7)
3 The hour of homecoming has no returning. (6)
4 A pianist may do this on the ivories mezzo-piano, in short, for a change. (9)
5 Tiles of fibre. (5)
6 Mother's gone back to join a relative in the U.S.A. (5, 3)
7 Race to the end of a row of houses. (7)
11 It's full of growing panes, as it were. (12)
16 I've taken more baggage than I should. (9)
17 ISH? On the contrary! (8)
19 Virginia has nothing on below the string in Spain. (7)
21 How to make certain of a bang-up meeting. (7)
22 In this opera there's as modern an idea as can be found in Verdi's output. (6)
24 A light crime? (5)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 Funnybone
6 Mimic
9 Degrade
10 Tanager
11 Lies
12 Bleak House
14, 22 Storyteller
15 Strumpet
18 Ascended
20 Fever
24 Hurricanes
25 Vera
27 Ratchet
28 Learned
29 Yarns
30 Cart-horse

DOWN

1 Fiddle
2 Neglect
3 Year
4 Overly
5 Extracts
6 Munchausen
7 Mugwump
8 Corrects
13 Brandishes
16 Fatherly
17 Pedantic
19 Curator
21 Eleanor
22 See 14
23 Candle
26 Hash (388)

CANADIAN OIL COMPANIES, LIMITED

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1955 ANNUAL REPORT

SALES — IN GALLONS	314,000,000	Up	15%
REFINERY CRUDE RUN — BARRELS	7,360,000	Up	10%
NET PROFIT	$2,806,000	Up	52%

NET PROFIT PER COMMON SHARE

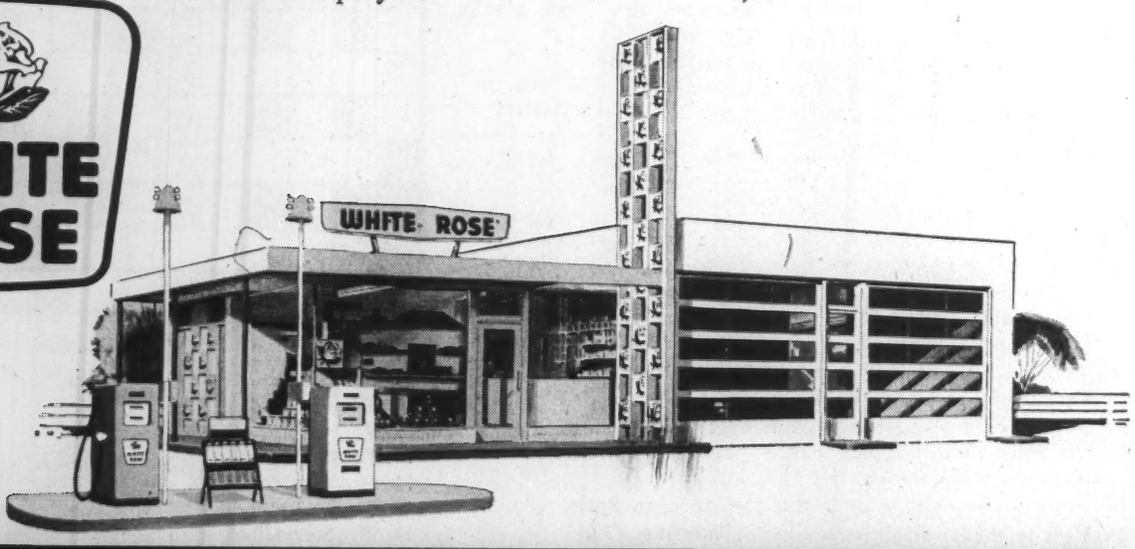
1955 — On 1,805,553 Shares Outstanding Dec. 31/55	$1.30
1954 — On 1,009,960 Shares Outstanding Dec. 31/54	$1.38

Company entered exploration and production field late in 1955 by acquiring Anglo-Canadian Oil Company Limited.

Current annual rate of crude oil production exceeds 1,100,000 barrels from interest in 177 wells. Company holds interest in over 1,000,000 exploratory acres equal to 460,000 net acres.

Working Capital	$17,767,000
Current Ratio	3 to 1
Property, Plant & Equipment — Net	$58,368,000
Total Assets	$91,568,000
Number of Shareholders	11,620
Number of Employees	1,587

WHITE ROSE



OVER NINETY-THREE PER CENT CANADIAN OWNED

New Pipeline Planning

by John A. Stevenson

WHEN THE House of Commons reassembled after the brief Easter recess, members of all parties professed to be satisfied with their explorations of the views of their constituents.

The Liberals said that such grievances as their voters felt against the Government's policies were trivial and could easily be remedied. The Progressive Conservatives claimed to have found the tides of public sentiment running with unwonted vigor in their favor. The CCF detected evidence that an increasing number of Canadians are not satisfied that they are getting a fair share of the lush prosperity which is credited to the system of free enterprise. The Social Crediters were serenely confident that despite disturbing revelations that some of their paladins in the West have feet of clay, masses of voters in every section of Canada are just waiting a chance to install them in power at Ottawa.

So most of the members returned in a cheerful mood and reconciled to residence in Ottawa until the end of June. The high hopes cherished at the opening of the session that the reformed rules of procedure in the House of Commons would speed up the business of Parliament have been nullified by the dilatoriness of Ministers in their management of the House.

The great bulk of the estimates has not been touched and the Opposition is bent upon an exhaustive scrutiny of the votes of certain departments. Only a fraction of the legislative program has been dealt with and, while most of it is non-controversial, a lot of members will want to air their views on bills in which they have a special interest.

For the present apathy of the Canadian people about politics, the prevailing high level of prosperity undoubtedly bears some responsibility. When the great majority of them have steady employment at good salaries and wages and a better standard of living than they ever enjoyed before, people are prone to assume that their government is reasonably efficient, that the financial, economic and social structure of their country is sound and that reformers who detect flaws in it and agitate for changes do not deserve much encouragement.

There is no momentum of popular discontent to stimulate the parties in opposition to aggressive policies, which would create really divisive issues. In their absence, only the presence of a number of actors of arresting personality and commanding ability on the political stage could arouse and maintain public interest in the daily activities of Parliament.

It can be admitted that there is today, both in the Cabinet and among the chief spokesmen of the parties in opposition, a leaven of politicians whose skill as parliamentarians entitles them to rank with the best of their predecessors. But their number is much too small. Anybody who has surveyed the parliamentary scene at Ottawa for 40 years would pronounce the verdict that there has been a sad decline in the quality of debates in the House of Commons. Flights of real eloquence are scarce and there is not a single master of the biting phrase and the deadly weapon of subtle irony.

A new factor in the controversy about the Trans-Canada Pipeline has been introduced by the emergence of a competitor for the franchise in the person of Frank McMahon of Calgary, a well-known oil tycoon. Mr. McMahon, the directing spirit of the Westcoast Transmission Co. which is now building a pipe line for gas from the Peace River Country through the Rocky Mountains to Vancouver with an extension into the United States, aspires to extend his distributive system eastward.

Mr. Harris: A practical Plan?

Mr. Howe: Trans-Canada Plan.

For an alternative transcontinental pipe line, he has managed to enlist the co-operation of four gas companies in the middle-western region of the United States, all bitter opponents of the plan of the Tennessee Gas Transmission Co., one of the three companies controlling Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd., for the invasion of their territory.

Mr. McMahon's scheme is still in the embryo stage and the advocates of the Trans-Canada plan insist that it is a bluff and does not deserve serious consideration. They have contended all along that the battle before the Federal Power Commission is more or less a sham fight, in which contending gas interests are jockeying for position to force a compromise which will give them a share of the Alberta gas and they now assert that Mr. McMahon's proposals are just a manoeuvre with the same objective.

Obviously, if the McMahon scheme prospers to the extent of being submitted as a practical plan to the Cabinet, it will be welcome to such Ministers as the Hon. Walter Harris, who has never shared the Hon. C. D. Howe's enthusiasm for the Trans-Canada plan—it frees the Government from direct financial obligations. It will also seem like manna from Heaven to the Hon. George Drew, and his followers, who have been vowing to employ all their talents for obstruction against the bill authorizing the Government's support of the Trans-Canada plan.

Whether the Progressive Conservatives will give their endorsation to the McMahon scheme will depend upon the exact nature of its sponsorship. If Mr. McMahon can raise most of the capital required for his scheme in Canada, he can count on

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their vigorous backing but, if the most of the capital is going to be provided by his American allies, then one of the basic objections of the Opposition to the Trans-Canada plan would not be removed.

To the CCF the McMahon plan, since it would keep the line under private ownership, would be just as unpalatable as the other scheme.

The account of the much advertised conference at White Sulphur Springs given the Commons by Prime Minister St. Laurent was not pitched on any note of warm enthusiasm about its results. Indeed it is an open secret here that Mr. St. Laurent was a reluctant participant in the conference and would fain have stayed at home. So he was quite content to claim only meagre results from the meeting of the minds of the directing spirits of the governments of the United States, Canada and Mexico.

He professed to have alleviated the concern of President Eisenhower about the proposed tax of 20 per cent on the advertising revenues of the Canadian editions of American magazines and to have stimulated his interest in the achievement of a fairer equilibrium in the trade exchanges between Canada and the United States. But by his account the President only "seemed interested" in his suggestion that the time had come for a conference between representatives of the two governments for studying problems relating to the use of water power on rivers flowing across the international boundary.

Apparently the bulk of the time spent in conference was devoted to international problems. The visitors had to listen to a "comprehensive" report by Mr. Dulles about his recent pilgrimage to Asia and there were academic discussions about the crisis in the Middle East, about the possible consequences of the recent strange developments in the Russian camp and about the problems arising out of the emergence of new states in Asia and Africa.

Denying firmly the accuracy of reports in the press that there had been a sharp clash of viewpoint about China, Mr. St. Laurent explained that, while both the President and Mr. Dulles had reiterated their determination to stand by Chiang Kai-shek and not recognize Mao Tse-Tung, he and Mr. Pearson restated their belief in the need for a policy more adjusted to realities and he hinted that he had given a warning note to his hosts that the problem as to which regime should represent China in the UN would "grow more acute as time goes on".

The fact that the President took time off for his daily round of golf suggests that he did not regard the conference as of profound importance and in retrospect his guests probably agree with his view.

BUSINESS

Needed: Travel Promotion

By Logan MacLean

THE COMPETITION for North America's tourist dollar gets fiercer each year. Various factors enter into competition—condition of roads, quality of service, and so on. But at least as important as any other single factor is the amount of promotion directed towards the prospective tourist. And here Canada seems to be falling behind its competitors.

The effectiveness of travel advertising can only be judged by results. The results are these: more Canadians are spending more money on travel outside Canada each year, and Canada is getting a smaller proportion of the American tourist dollar each year (see page 10).

Travel promotion in Canada is directed to two markets. There is the foreign traveller who must be sold on the advantages of a holiday here, and the Canadian himself. Federal and provincial travel budgets are weighted very heavily in favor of the former. Strangely, they almost ignore the latter, even though he spends an estimated $345 million on his Canadian holidays as against the foreigner's $302 million (the figures for 1954).

No Government travel bureau spends more than 25 per cent of its budget on advertising aimed at the Canadian tourist. From 75 per cent to 93 per cent (in the case of Manitoba) goes to U.S. media to attract the American traveller.

This does not mean that less money should be spent on the U.S. advertising. What it means is that the budgets themselves should be bigger, with a proportionately greater amount devoted to the domestic market. In the Canadian Tourist Association's brief to the Gordon Commission it was pointed out: "It would seem that more than 15 per cent of Canadian travel advertising budgets should be spent to persuade (Canadians) to spend at home some of the $400 million which they spend annually outside Canada". The brief went on:

"In 1954 Canadian travel interests did 33 per cent less of the total travel advertising to Canadians in magazines than they did in 1949. During the same period, travel advertising in magazines increased by 300 per cent. It must also be noted that much of this Canadian advertising is not designed to encourage travel in Canada but is intended to stimulate the use of Canadian owned and operated transportation facilities outside of Canada."

The Canadian Government Travel Bureau spends more than any other national tourist agency in U.S. media ($970,122 in 1955), but it is well down the list in "per tourist" expenditure. It devotes its attention almost exclusively to luring tourists into Canada. There is no doubt that its work justifies a substantial increase in its budget.

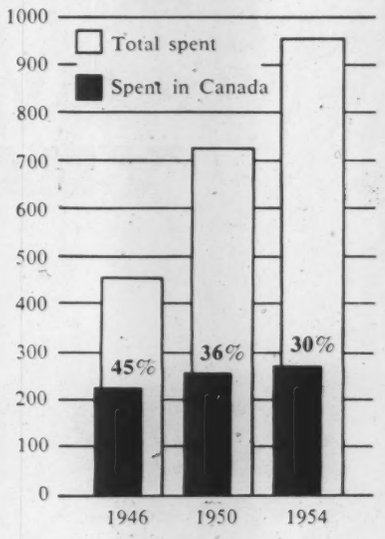
The volume of government advertising is swollen by the contributions of railways, airlines, operators of hotels, resorts and other private concerns. It may be argued that the major part of the responsibility for a greater promotional effort rests with these private concerns. But the resort owners and others can do little, because of costs, beyond advertising their particular local services. Moreover, the benefits of a swelling tourist trade spread throughout the nation's economy. Whole areas, with little agriculture and no industry, may be transformed into bustling communities by tourists.

Large-scale tourist development of an area requires more effort than can be put out locally, or often regionally. Private operators in Florida, an outstanding example of successful promotion, place a heavy volume of advertising each year, and it undoubtedly has a heavy cumulative effect. But the business that now supports this volume was generated initially, and is still supported, by a strong state program. Incidentally, Florida, with a population of less than 4 million, spent more on tourist advertising and promotion last year than the combined budgets of the Canadian provincial bureaus ($2.3 million to $1.9 million).

Canada has its own examples of effective promotion. The Laurentians in Quebec, Muskoka and the Kawarthas in Ontario are examples. But what is needed is a greater general promotional effort between governments, municipal groups such as boards of trade, associations directly interested in tourist revenue (hotel owners, etc.), transportation companies and smaller operators.

Spending by U.S. Tourists in Other Countries

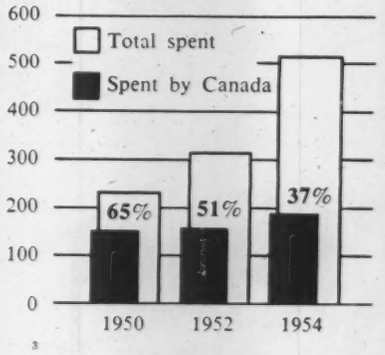
Millions of Dollars



Based on data compiled by U.S. Department of Commerce

Travel Advertising in Canadian Magazines

Thousands of Dollars

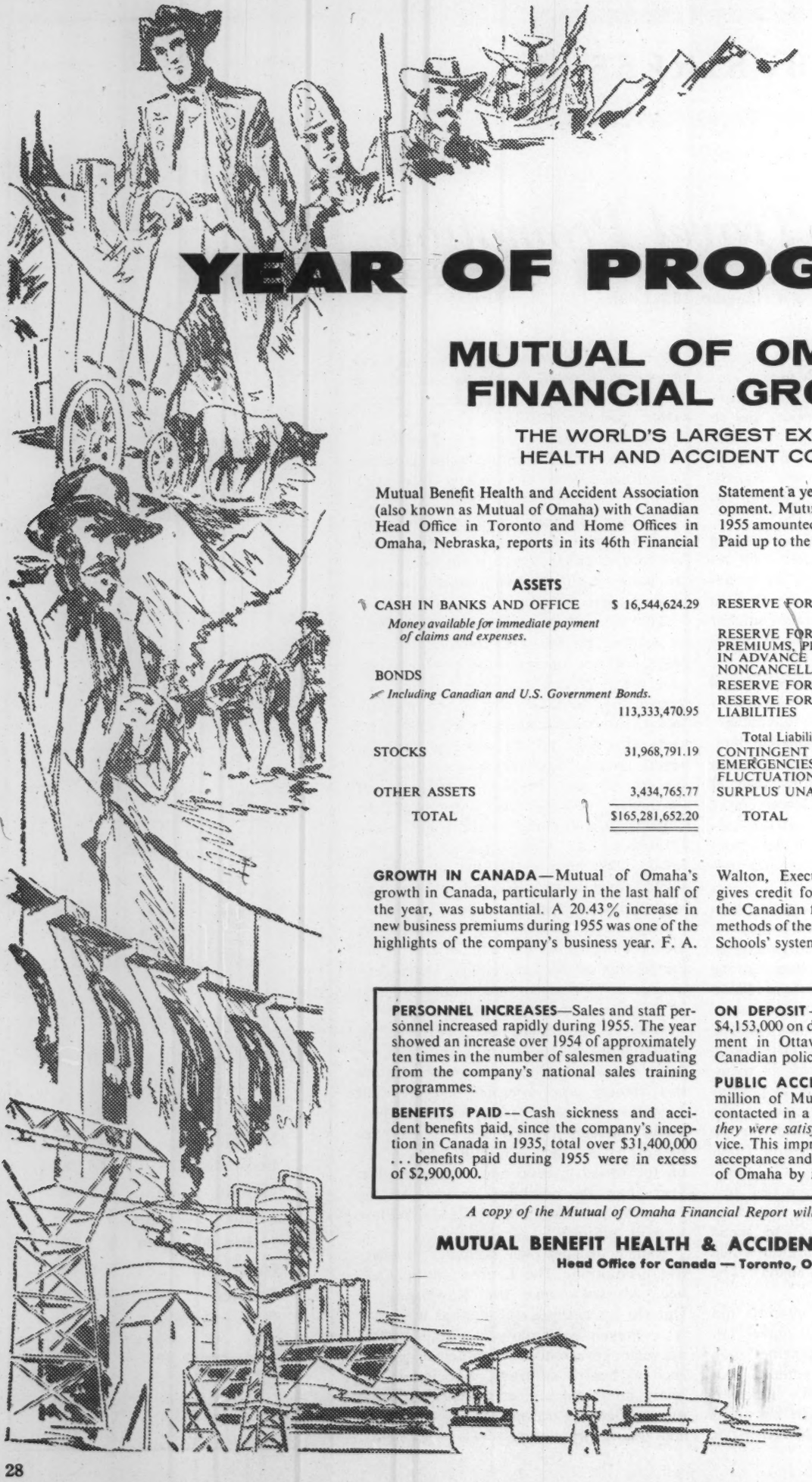


Promotion Expenditure per Tourist

Nassau	**$10.00**
Bermuda	**$ 7.24**
Hawaii	**$ 6.96**
France	**$ 1.86**
United Kingdom	**$ 1.23**
Haiti	**$ 0.70**
Canada	**$ 0.64**

Based on what countries spend, exclusive of promotion done by transportation companies.

Figures published in Advertising Age, 1954.



YEAR OF PROGRESS

MUTUAL OF OMAHA'S FINANCIAL GROWTH

THE WORLD'S LARGEST EXCLUSIVE HEALTH AND ACCIDENT COMPANY

Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Association (also known as Mutual of Omaha) with Canadian Head Office in Toronto and Home Offices in Omaha, Nebraska, reports in its 46th Financial Statement a year of progress and significant development. Mutual of Omaha Premium Income for 1955 amounted to $156,241,000 and Total Benefits Paid up to the end of 1955 exceeded $700,000,000.

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
CASH IN BANKS AND OFFICE *Money available for immediate payment of claims and expenses.*	$ 16,544,624.29	RESERVE FOR CLAIMS	$ 62,188,273.46
BONDS *Including Canadian and U.S. Government Bonds.*	113,333,470.95	RESERVE FOR UNEARNED PREMIUMS, PREMIUMS PAID IN ADVANCE AND NONCANCELLABLE POLICIES	32,514,181.05
		RESERVE FOR TAXES	3,641,206.02
		RESERVE FOR OTHER LIABILITIES	4,428,922.41
		Total Liabilities	$102,772,582.94
STOCKS	31,968,791.19	CONTINGENT RESERVE FOR EMERGENCIES, SECURITY FLUCTUATIONS, ETC.	16,750,000.00
OTHER ASSETS	3,434,765.77	SURPLUS UNASSIGNED	45,759,069.26
TOTAL	$165,281,652.20	TOTAL	$165,281,652.20

GROWTH IN CANADA—Mutual of Omaha's growth in Canada, particularly in the last half of the year, was substantial. A 20.43% increase in new business premiums during 1955 was one of the highlights of the company's business year. F. A. Walton, Executive Vice-President for Canada, gives credit for this outstanding achievement to the Canadian field force and to the applied sales methods of the company's National Sales Training Schools' system.

PERSONNEL INCREASES—Sales and staff personnel increased rapidly during 1955. The year showed an increase over 1954 of approximately ten times in the number of salesmen graduating from the company's national sales training programmes.

BENEFITS PAID—Cash sickness and accident benefits paid, since the company's inception in Canada in 1935, total over $31,400,000 . . . benefits paid during 1955 were in excess of $2,900,000.

ON DEPOSIT—Mutual of Omaha has over $4,153,000 on deposit with the Federal Government in Ottawa for the sole protection of Canadian policyowners.

PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE—Of nearly two million of Mutual of Omaha's policyholders contacted in a recent poll, *96.49% stated that they were satisfied* with Mutual's over-all service. This impressive record reflects the public acceptance and confidence bestowed on Mutual of Omaha by its policyholders.

A copy of the Mutual of Omaha Financial Report will be sent on request.

MUTUAL BENEFIT HEALTH & ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION

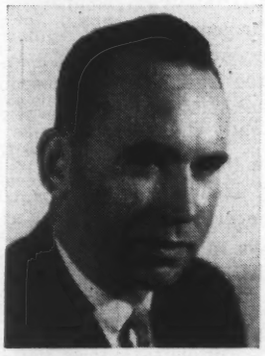
Head Office for Canada — Toronto, Ontario

Soothing Paddle Song

He started as assistant to a boat builder; now he heads the Peterborough Canoe Company, which sells $1½ million of canoes and boats every year. His aims: a quality canoe, a pleasure boat for every Canadian family.

ONE OF CANADA'S earliest songs, sung by the Haida Indians of British Columbia, began, "I cannot stay, I cannot stay. I must take my canoe and fight the waves. For the Wanderer spirit is seeking me."

For the past seventy-seven years, the Peterborough Canoe Company has made the most of Canadians' "Wanderer spirit". Each year, Canadians and others who "cannot stay" at home during the summer buy more than 8,000 boats and canoes from the Peterborough, Ontario, company. Pauline Johnson could indeed have dedicated her "The Song My Paddle Sings" to Peterborough Canoe president Jack F. Richardson. For him the song the paddle sings is soothing music. Between his Peterborough enterprise and the Chestnut Canoe Company of Fredericton, New Brunswick, which he also heads, he turns out more boats than anyone else in Canada.



Jack Richardson

His boats "fight the waves" and roll in calmer waters in the U.S.A., France, England, Northern Rhodesia, Belgium, South Africa and South America, as well as Canada. The vacationer this year can choose from 80 different models of boats, canoes, and other types of watercraft that he will manufacture.

Boats have been the whole life of Richardson. In fact, today, he lists as his only hobbies "boating and fishing". It's little wonder, really, because in Peterborough, the Richardson name has been synonymous with boat-building for as long as most folk can remember.

The Ontario Canoe Company was started in 1879 in Ashburnham, now a part of Peterborough, by the late Col. J. Z. Rogers. After a fire in 1891, the name was changed, the company was taken over by the colonel's son, Claude, and moved to its present location at the corner of King and Water Streets, the spot where the founder of Peterborough had built a grist mill. From the early 1900s until his death in 1952, W. A. Richardson was president and made the Peterborough name famous.

But he trained his son Jack in the old tradition. He moved him into the factory at the age of 21 in 1934 as a boat builder's helper. Two years later he switched him over to the Sales and Cost Department, to learn the business side. When his father died, Jack became president and general manager.

Six-foot, 185-pound Richardson, now 42, devotes any extra time to the community in which he was born. He is a member of the Board of Managers of St. Andrew's United Church, Treasurer of the board of directors of the city's YMCA, vice-chairman of the Peterborough Chamber of Commerce, member of the Peterborough Masonic Lodge, and Scottish Rite Lodge of Perfection. He is married and has two children, 13-year-old Bill, and six-year-old Nancy.

"Canadians have always been very interested in canoeing and boating in general," says Richardson. "But the shorter work week, the boom in our economy, and the improved roads into the Canadian hinterlands have made and will make boating more popular and more a part of our way of life."

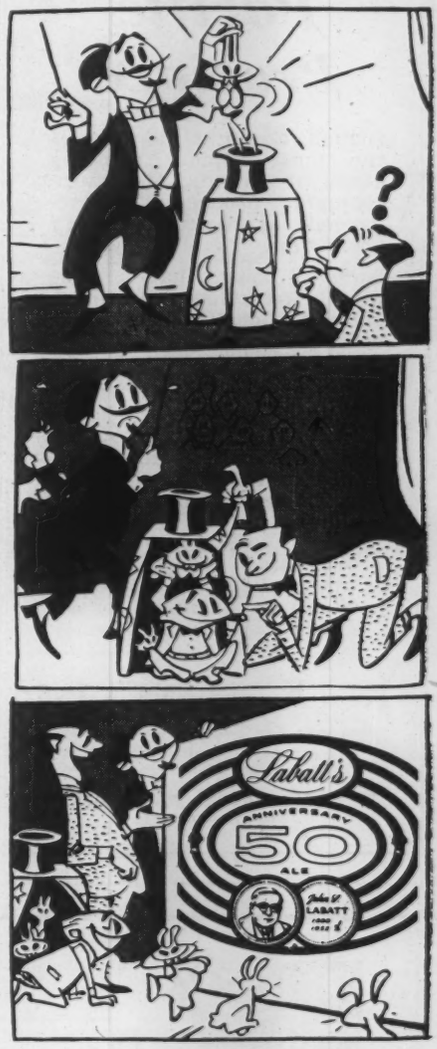
It's hardly surprising that Canadians should be boat conscious. Canada contains more fresh water area than any country in the world—in fact, half the fresh water area of the world.

All of Richardson's boat-building enterprises are linked under the name of the Canadian Watercraft Limited, of which he is president. He looks forward to the day when there will be not only a car for every home — even two — but a boat for every family.

During this summer, to be ready for the thousands of Canadians who will seek peace or excitement on the Canadian lakes, the Peterborough Canoe Company is moving to a new location on 15 acres, in south Peterborough. There, production will increase by about 25 per cent to meet the increased demand.

"But," says boat-builder Richardson, "this production line will still retain the company's policy of instigating pride of workmanship into each employee's job."

Any way you look at it...



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Dividend No. 277

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of thirty-five cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending April 30, 1956, payable at the Bank and its branches on May 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on March 31, 1956.

By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Gold & Dross

Shawinigan

I have Shawinigan Water & Power bought at $45. Do you think I should sell and await a reaction to $50?—S.B., Montreal.

Shawinigan now is trading at about $76. If you sold you would cash in a handsome profit. But it will probably take a major market setback to bring the price back to $50. The last time it traded close to this level was quite early in 1955. Shawinigan is a major public utility that has spread into the chemical field. It is probably one of the biggest companies of its kind in the world. Last year it had a net profit of $9.5 million, which was equal to $3.48 a share. This is a considerable increase from $7.3 million in 1954, equal to $2.84 a share.

Shawinigan has been expanding its hydro-electric facilities at a steady rate in recent years and has embarked on a program that may involve almost $100 million in the next three years. This expansion would tend to limit dividend payments since the company will need every cent it can lay its hands on to finance growth. Undoubtedly it will also raise money through sale of shares and other securities. And any stock sales would likely be in the form of rights to shareholders at fairly attractive prices.

But a particular attraction in this company is its subsidiaries in the chemicals and engineering fields. Its engineering department plays an important role in many giant projects in Canada and its chemical company is growing rapidly.

Dividends recently were increased from 30 cents quarterly, plus a 25-cent extra yearly to a straight rate of 45 cents a quarter. The company has said that it is dropping the extra dividend.

Some of the investment interest which has appeared in Shawinigan in recent months has originated overseas where foreign investors consider the diversification into the chemical field particularly attractive.

Certainly, so long as the province of Quebec continues its present industrial growth phase, Shawinigan will be forced to continue expanding its power facilities.

Mid-Western Gas

What do you think of Mid-Western Industrial Gas as a vehicle for participating in the growth of the west and the natural gas industry?—A.L.S., Winnipeg.

This company is among the first to jump into the natural gas industry in Canada and is primarily concerned with selling gas to industrial users. It has three contracts —with Sherritt Gordon Mines, Calgary Power and North Canadian Oils. It gets

BRAZILIAN TRACTION, LIGHT AND POWER COMPANY, LIMITED

(Incorporated under the laws of Canada)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Board of Directors of this Company has declared a DIVIDEND of Fifty (50) cents (Canadian) per share on the Company's issued Ordinary Shares of no par value, PAYABLE on May 23rd, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on April 19th, 1956.

The dividend on shares represented by Share Warrants to Bearer will be paid against surrender of Coupon No. 100 at one of the places of payment specified below.

Payment of this dividend to non-residents of Canada will, where applicable, be subject to deduction of Canadian Non-Resident Income Tax.

Places at which coupons may be lodged for payment:

In BELGIUM, at Brussels:
Lloyds Bank (Belgium) S.A.
Banque de Bruxelles, S.A.
Banque Lambert, S.C.S.
Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, S.A.
Banque de la Societe Generale de Belgique, S.A.
Kredietbank, S.A.
Nagelmackers Fils et Cie.

In FRANCE, at Paris:
Lloyds Bank (Foreign) Limited.

In the NETHERLANDS, at Amsterdam:
Amsterdamsche Bank N.V.

In SWITZERLAND, at Geneva:
Lloyds Bank (Foreign) Limited.

In the UNITED KINGDOM, at London:
The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

In CANADA, at the Head Office of the Company:
25 King Street West, Toronto.

For the convenience of holders of Bearer Share Warrants, arrangements have been made for the payment of coupons in Canadian currency against surrender thereof, accompanied by completed listing forms, at any of the places specified above and subject to regulations in force at each place of payment.

Listing forms and full information as to the procedure to be followed can be obtained in Brussels, from Lloyds Bank (Belgium) S.A. or in Paris, Amsterdam or Geneva from the banks there specified, or in the United Kingdom from the Company's Agents, Canadian-Brazilian Services Limited, 148 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, England, or from the Company in Toronto.

Dated at Toronto, Canada, the 11th day of April, 1956.

By Order of the Board,
R. T. DONALD,
Secretary.

The Transfer Agents of the Company are National Trust Company Limited, Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver, Canada; and The First National City Bank of New York, New York, U.S.A., who should be notified promptly of any change of address.

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Advertising and **publication printing**

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Saturday Night Press
71 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO

the gas from its own wells in Alberta and has land interests both in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Recently the company gave an indication of its business. In its first 12 months of operation under the three contracts, it estimates sales of 12 billion cubic feet.

These sales would give gross revenue of about $1.3 million and after deducting royalties, interest charges, depreciation, depletion and operating expenses, it calculated a profit of about $294,000, which would be equal to about 11 cents on the outstanding 2.5 million. However, this profit is before writing off drilling costs and allowing for income taxes.

Looking ahead, Mid-Western sees sales of gas almost double by 1964 under its present three contracts. Meanwhile, it is expanding its efforts to find more gas and to build gathering and transmission facilities.

The shares trade at about $4.20 and have sold as low as $3.65 and as high as $4.50 this year.

Mid-Western has solid financial backing and could be considered what investment men call a "businessman's speculation". Assuming that it is able to continue augmenting its gas reserves (estimated at 170 billion cubic feet in mid-1955) and that its present customers will continue to expand, its future looks bright. Add to that picture the possibility of getting more industrial customers as western Canada develops.

No Risks

In five or six years I shall be retired on an inadequate pension and it will be necessary to increase any other income I might have as much as possible. I should be able to have for investment around $2,000 to $2,500 a year until retirement date. What would be the best class of investment for best return with reasonable safety?—H.B., Victoria.

This is the continuing problem of everyone who works for a living. A steady inflationary trend, which continues to make inroads into the purchasing power of our money, hits hard at people trying to plan for retirement.

Yet, since you are so close to retirement, you cannot afford to take any risks. You must concern yourself with retaining what you can accumulate. Risk is for young people who, if they lose, can later try again.

A friend with experience in the financial world, your banker or a reputable investment counsellor should be consulted for the best possible cross-section of advice. Probably a wise course might be to spread investment money in a diversified portfolio that would include some common stocks that pay reasonably attractive dividends, and bonds for safety.

But any investment program worked out

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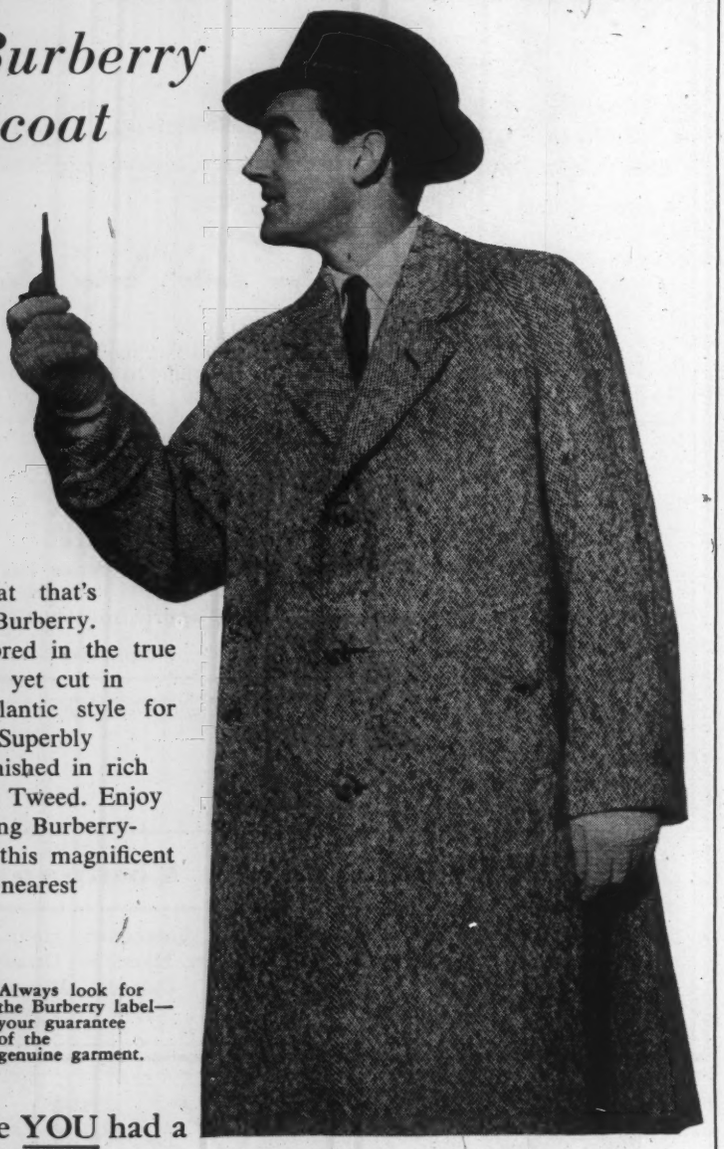

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should be with the help of outsiders who know all your circumstances. For example, if you own your home, you will not have to worry about providing for shelter on retirement.

Always keep in mind that to take any great risk and to lose means that the money is lost and cannot be readily re-accumulated since you will be working only a few more years.

Brazil Bonds

I hold bonds issued in 1927, *due* 1957 *and bearing interest at* 6½ *per cent. Interest rate was reduced to* 3⅜ *per cent and maturity extended to* 1979. *Also in* 1943, *Brazil issued a* 3¾ *per cent bond of* 1944, *Series* 5. *Can you tell me the value of these?—A. H., Orangeville, Ont.*

The 6½ per cent bond was last reported to have a market value around $105 for each $100 of principal amount. If the issue you hold was stamped "A" when interest was reduced and maturity extended, market value was somewhere around $65. The 3¾ per cent bond of 1944 sounds like an issue which trades at around $86. We believe it is referred to as an "Assented B bond".

As you can well appreciate, it is difficult to obtain accurate market information in such foreign securities. There are firms in New York which specialize in foreign government bonds and you could probably have your bank obtain up-to-date information on the status of the Brazil bonds. Or one of the bigger investment houses with connections in New York might help.

In Brief

We bought 500 *shares of Farah Mining stock in* 1909. *Is this of any value now? —J.B.K., Fairfax, Man.*

Nothing left in the company.

A friend of mine is interested in the status of Big Dan Mine.—L.G., Stettler, Alta.

Shrunk to nothing.

We have Port Coldwell Mines & Metals. Is it still in existence?—E.C., Navan, Ont.

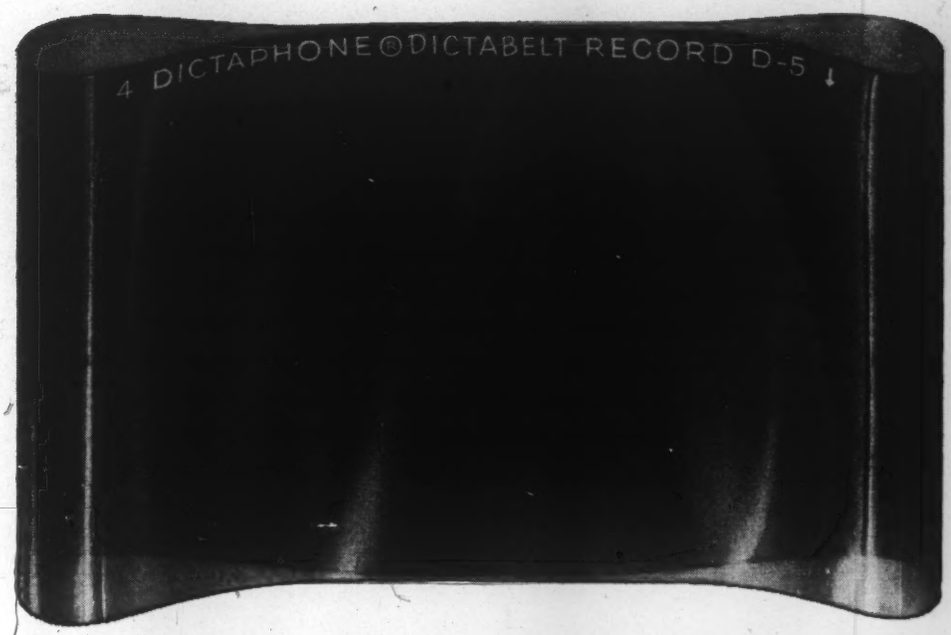
Yes. However, the company is reported inactive.

Is Trafalgar Petroleum in operation and do its shares have any value? — D.B.S., Montreal, Que.

No. But if you mean Trafalgar Mines & Oils, which was formerly Trafalgar Long Lac Gold, you are also out of luck. This one is inactive.

Would you say a purchase of Moore Corp. was a good investment in Canada?—L.M., Waterloo, Que.

This is an excellent company, but is greatly dependent on U.S. business. It is only partly Canadian in that sense.



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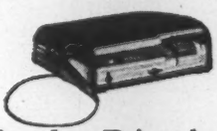
of the world's *most timesaving, worksaving, money-saving dictating machine*  *—the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER. This secret is the Dictabelt Record.* *It's crystal clear, unbreakable, mailable, post card size, filable —and it records an average day's dictation* *for just a few pennies. Write* *for Dictaphone's illustrated booklet— "Communication." We'll send you a free Dictabelt, too.*

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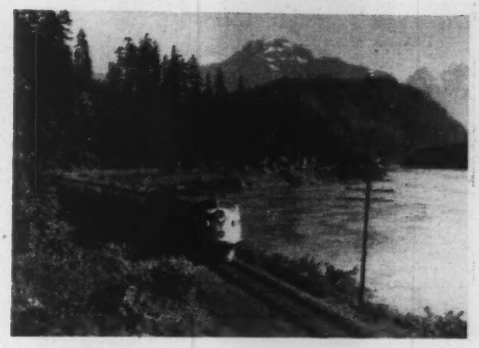
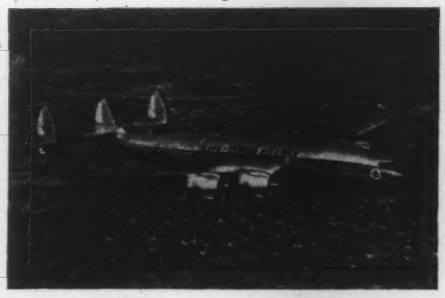


Canadian Clothes for Travel in Canada

by Fern Rahmel

THE travel clothes designed and made in Canada this season are as attractive as the places in this country where they will be worn. Destination, of course, determines the kind and quantity to be taken, but certain principles govern the selection of the holiday wardrobe. It must be adaptable, comfortable, suitable, easily packed, resistant to creasing and soiling and requiring the minimum of care. All of the clothes shown here meet these standards and they are all obtainable at better stores from Atlantic to Pacific.



The suit is the basic item and its color will determine the accessories taken. It should fit easily under a top-coat and be roomy enough to allow a sweater to be worn and have enough width in the skirt that its wearer can step down a ramp or off a gangway as blithely as she walks

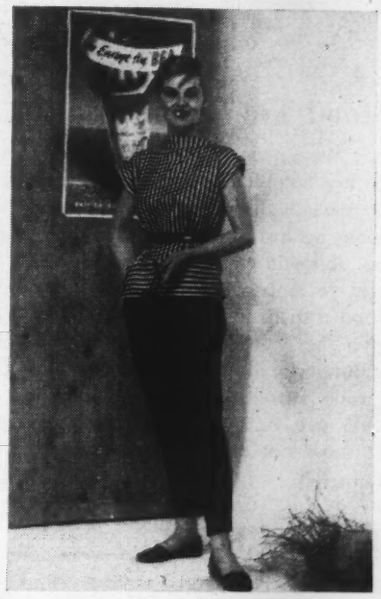
This coat is of imported, waterproofed tweed, predominantly black and white. It flares gently from the shoulders to the leather-buttoned side slits. The suit is a dark grey, fine English worsted. Both are from Lou

Larry. The luggage is McBrine's Viscount line in a muted coral shade. The perfect costume for sight-seeing in the city is this black knitted cotton sheath and the straight-cut, white knitted coat from Miss Sun Valley.

The car coat of fine combed cotton in a glorious shade of cardinal red is worn with Slim Jims of beige cotton poplin, but would be equally jaunty over the straight or gored skirt available in the same material—a wonderful outfit for either motoring or yachting.

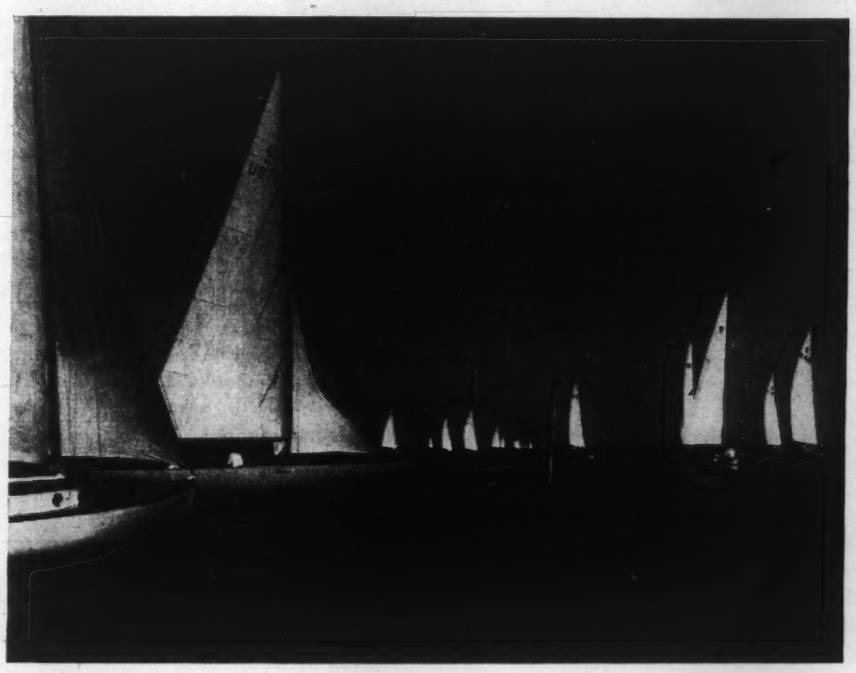
The three piece play-suit is very much at home on the beach. The black shorts have a printed top with wide, adjustable straps. Over this can be buttoned a black full skirt which has a separate wide belt picking up one of the colors of the print. The jacket doubles as beach coat or long-sleeved blouse. This print has a white ground pin-dotted in black and scattered with lozenges orange, grey and lime green. These clothes are also from Lou Larry.

The Italian influence is clearly evident in these "skinny pants" and jerkin from Miss Sun Valley.



around a deck. Hats are no problem this year. Designers had the traveller in mind when they produced the deep cone of cunningly twisted grosgrain ribbon, worn with the suit on page 35. It packs as flat as the ubiquitous beret of felt or velvet and comes in a wide color range. Some straws are crushable, too, and are a boon to the traveller who wants a shadier hat.

The tweed coat (and many of them this year are treated to be water resistant), is the perfect cover-all for the coastal or Great Lakes cruise, but for dressier occasions en route or for city wear it would be hard to beat the cotton knit coat. Cut with classic simplicity, it has a texture and



weave that prevents sagging and is only distantly related to its predecessor of a few years ago. One of the chief virtues of the cotton knits, of course, is that they can be rolled for packing, and the more firmly they are rolled, the better they travel. The black sheath worn under the coat on page 35 is sleeveless, but the shoulder is extended just enough to avoid the ugly arm-hole line that is to be deplored in too many dresses of this pattern not so faultlessly cut. These same qualities are evident in the play clothes of cotton knit. Without exception they are of beautiful material that will stand up to countless wearings for active or spectator sports.

These shorts and topper are also cotton knits from the same firm and perfect for active sports.

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SPRING BOOK REVIEW

Once again ROBERTSON DAVIES, Book Editor of Saturday Night, will feature his Spring Book Review for book lovers across Canada.

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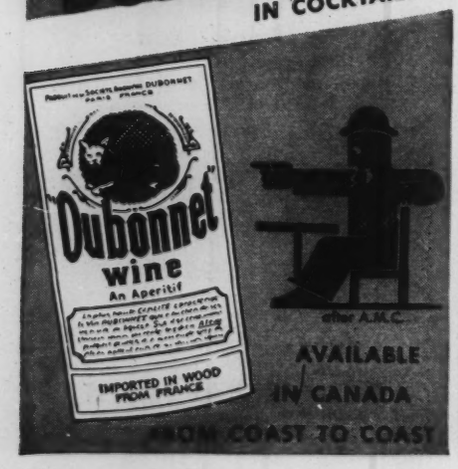

Letters

Blood Transfusions

. . . We know that our lives, our bodies are not completely our own. Even society recognized this fact when it established a law against suicide . . . In the case of the Jehovah's Witnesses, they have no right to jeopardize their lives by refusing blood transfusions, no more than you or I have the right to throw ourselves off a viaduct. Granted they believe the Bible forbids them to accept blood, but the Bible can be very ambiguous, especially for those not equipped for the job . . .

TORONTO — A. V. REPATH

Hair and Freedom

Regarding "Hair and Freedom", the magistrate may have been perfectly justified. It is his duty to uphold the dignity of the law; he should see that those attending his court appear in reasonable conformity with existing custom. Some rabid demagogue may think otherwise. I applaud the magistrate. We need more dignity in public affairs, not less.

PETERBOROUGH, ONT. — C. W. HOLMAN

Editor's note: Presumably, if long hair again becomes "existing custom", magistrates will be justified in preserving dignity by ordering "brush-cuts" to grow ringlets.

The Good Teacher

Your piece entitled "The Good Teacher", on Father Lévesque . . . undoubtedly originated in well intentioned minds. Father Lévesque is a national figure. We esteem him very highly and his influence, past, present and future, can hardly be fathomed. Yet, all those who like him will deplore your gesture as a childish exhibition of bad taste . . .

As an illustration, I want to point to a single sentence in which your young reporter contrives to make at least four gross inaccuracies. It reads: "While he (Father Lévesque) was off last year, raising funds from the Carnegie Foundation for a great new research project into French Canadian life (which the provincial government had refused to support), a retirement rule was quietly introduced, with retroactive provision for the benefit of the Dean of Social Sciences". The facts . . . are the following: 1, the Carnegie grant to our Faculty of Social Sciences was officially given last January, 1955; it was later, in the Spring, that Father Lévesque went to the U.S. for a visit and lecture trip; 2, this Carnegie grant was not given for a research project on French Canadian life but for a series of original studies covering a wide range of problems in contemporary industrial Quebec; 3, never has our Faculty approached the present Quebec provincial government for support of either this or any other research project; 4, the retirement rule concerning deans was adopted by Laval University towards the middle of *1954* and *ipso facto* involved four deans . . .

LAVAL UNIVERSITY — JEAN-C. FALARDEAU
Chairman, Department of Sociology.

No Dam

. . . An article by Jack Scott mentions that Continental Can is interested in financing a dam for the Fraser River. This is not true, and I am attaching a clipping for your perusal, which is a statement issued by our company's President in Vancouver shortly after this rumor was circulated . . .

MONTREAL — CHARLES C. BROWN
Advertising and Sales Promotion Manager

Editor's note: The clipping reports Frank A. Whittall, president of Continental Can Company of Canada Ltd., as stating that his company is in no way "directly or indirectly" connected with a plan to harness the Fraser River and build an aluminum smelter at New Westminster or Squamish.

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	20
BUSINESS	27
COVER STORY	15
FILMS	22
OTTAWA LETTER	25
WOMEN	35

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ANSWER TO PUZZLER
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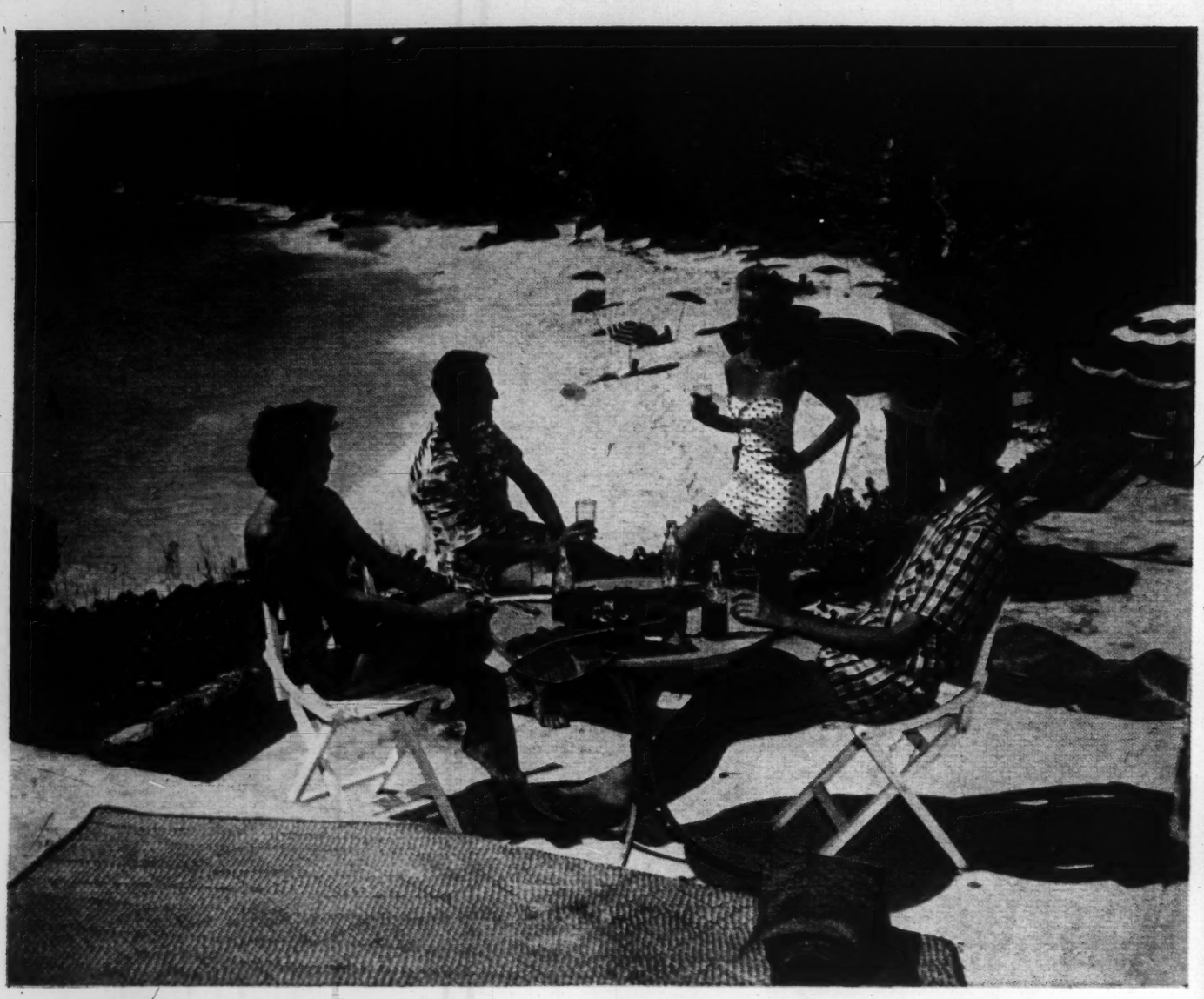


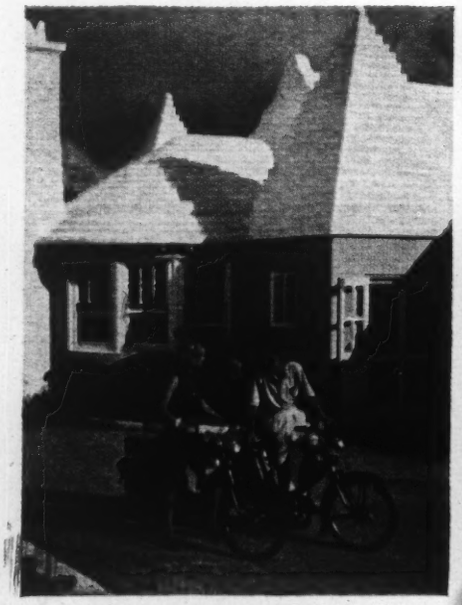
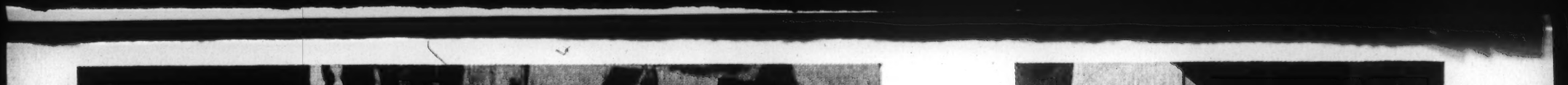
In warm Atlantic waters lies a happy holiday island

BERMUDA

Bermuda is really a group of hundreds of islands, in all only twenty-four miles long. Sailing among them is a fun-filled venture in exploration. Soft, pink beaches are invitations to loafing while the blue water tempts you to a refreshing dip. Golf, tennis, fishing, bicycling and picnicking are enjoyed any time of year. Hamilton's shops are the showcase of Europe. Traditional pageantry is a reminder that Bermuda is a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. And the Islands' history and beauty make sightseeing a happy pastime.

Bermuda is only three hours' flight from New York or you may prefer the more leisurely trip by ocean liner. Bermuda's hotels are famous providing everything needed for holiday living. And guest houses welcome you to the Islands' friendly, easy-going ways.

There are many details to be considered in planning any holiday. But you'll save time and trouble by talking things over with your travel agent. Helpful too is the Bermuda Vacation Kit which you can get by writing to: The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.



Somewhere along a shore road they will find a picnic cove.